HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1178.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE "STATESMAN" AT HOME.

EXPLAINING TO HIS CONSTITUENTS THE *WHYS* AND *WHEREFORES* OF THE EXTRA SESSION.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *presents a striking portrait of* JOHN RUSKIN, *author of "Modern Painters" and other celebrated works on Art. On other pages of the Supplement will be found a great variety of interesting reading.*

In the SUPPLEMENT *to be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will find a very attractive illustrated story by the well-known novelist* F. W. ROBINSON, *entitled* "THE BAR-MAID AT BATTLETON."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE EXTRA SESSION.

A SHREWD observer in Washington said at the adjournment of Congress that the President had been the only gainer by the extra session, and it is undoubtedly true that his clear and terse veto messages, temperately stating the position of the Republican party in the pending debate, have greatly enlightened the public mind, have been of the utmost service to the party, and have deepened the general regard for the Administration. The Democratic denunciation of the President springs from disappointed hopes of using him. There are Republicans, also, who would have seen with secret satisfaction their sullen hostility to him apparently justified by his acquiescence in Democratic purposes. The President, however, in the tone and temper of his messages, and the force and reason of his position, represents the Republican sentiment which compels respect even from opponents. His feeling is not one of sectional jealousy and contention, which relies for success upon renewing the hatreds of the war. Upon this point his views are unchanged, and there is nothing in his latest official conduct which is inconsistent with the earliest. He has had always, and we trust will continue to have, the strongest desire of perfect harmony between the people of all the States; but he has not now, and he never has had, the least disposition to buy that harmony by the sacrifice of any principle which he holds, or of any official trust committed to him. His constitutional duty when he was inaugurated was not in the slightest degree affected by any view or expectation that he may have had of the probable consequences of its faithful performance. The duty was the same, and would have been equally discharged whether he supposed that the feeling of "the South" would be more or less friendly. It was his duty in discharging his official obligations to show a firm and generous and conciliatory spirit. This he has shown, and he shows it still; and, in political slang, the President is no more "stalwart" now than he has always been.

The apparent difference is due to the different questions that have arisen, and to the extreme folly of the Democrats. The President, with all good citizens, unreservedly respects legitimate State rights, but he has also very high respect for the national authority which he represents. He has asserted and maintained that authority with perfect courtesy toward those who differ from him. Republican and Democratic members of Congress in both Houses have sneered, and some Democrats have permitted themselves to vent upon the Executive the indignation incited by their Republican colleagues. But there is no intelligent Democrat who would accuse the President of changing his purpose or the spirit of his action. His position as a party representative shows that the Republican attitude, while it is one of conviction and firmness, is not one of bitterness, and looks constantly to a "more perfect union." And there is no doubt that Congress adjourned with a very friendly Republican feeling toward the Administration, and with the conviction that it had indicated the way to success at the polls.

The President, in the recent contest between legitimate national authority and the extreme doctrine of State rights, has maintained, first, the duty and power of the government of the United States to enact and enforce laws to secure honest Congressional elections. The situation of the country calls peculiarly for the exercise of this power, and upon this point we believe that the most intelligent and patriotic public opinion will sustain him. He further holds that the House of Representatives, even with the assent of the Senate, can not absorb the legislative power of the government. That it may do so is a heresy which is always very rife among the partisans of a majority of the House. But the truth is that legislation is very securely and most wisely guarded by the Constitution, which requires the co-operation of the Senate and the approval of the Executive. The approval of the Executive is just as indispensable as the vote of the majority of both Houses. But it has been lately challenged by Democratic papers as if it were a monstrous usurpation. It would be as seemly and desirable to denounce the majority vote in Congress as a usurpation, for it is no more constitutional than the veto. The President has also maintained that the military power is always to be subordinate to the civil power, at elections as well as on all other occasions. This is clearly set forth in the messages. It is a point upon which intelligent Americans ought not to differ, and it is from the President's messages that the country will most readily learn how carefully that subordination is secured by existing laws. The Democrats have said a great deal about bayonets at the polls. But there is not one sensible Democrat who would say that bayonets might not be necessary to enforce law at the polls as well as in a church. Such Democrats are as much in favor of bayonets at the polls as any Republican can be, however they may differ upon the point of national or State bayonets, and the President has left no doubt of the sound Republican doctrine upon the general question. He has also shown by his action that in his judgment non-partisan juries are desirable, and that test oaths are out of place in our system. These are positions with which patriotic men every where can be satisfied, and they will be undoubtedly maintained by the Republican party in the elections. They involve no wrong to any citizen, nor to any State. They tend to bind States and citizens more closely together, and to promote that sentiment of common interest and a common destiny which is a commonplace of our political rhetoric, but which the theory of extreme State rights has so disastrously weakened and destroyed. The tendency of the Democratic argument upon this subject is to that State isolation, suspicion, jealousy, and hatred from which our chief national misfortune has sprung. The extra session is hardly to be regretted, since it has turned public attention to questions so fundamental, and has given opportunity for so admirable a defense of sound American and Republican principles as those which the President has maintained.

TAMMANY FIRE-WATER.

AT the late Fourth-of-July celebration in Tammany Hall, Senator HILL, of Georgia, made the remarkable allegation, according to the reports, that "the Democrats affirm that the people are capable of governing themselves; the Republicans say they are not." The Fourth was a very hot day, and on the Fourth the Tammany braves—the fierce Sachem SCHELL and his warriors—always expect fire-water in the form of very hot orations. But this, in the language of the bar which is most familiar to Tammany, was "hot without." It was, indeed, wholly wanting in that admixture of truth which is so pleasantly moderating in hot discourse. If the Democrats, as Mr. HILL declares, believe that the people, and especially the people of a State, are capable of governing themselves, why do the Democrats suppress the votes of large numbers of the people in the Southern States? Or do they deny that the suppressed voters are people? In what State, or in what section, or at what place, do the Republicans prevent any part of the people from voting? It is painful to be obliged to say that a Senator of the United States has made a very silly speech. But when the speech is very silly, what else can be said? When the Republicans emancipated four millions of slaves whom the Democrats would have retained in slavery, and gave the ballot to the freedmen whom the Democrats had deprived of every human right, was it Republicans or Democrats who showed that they believed that men ought to be free, and that the people are capable of governing themselves? General SCOTT'S hasty plate of soup was not half as scalding to his tongue as Senator HILL'S hot and hasty Tammany speech to his reputation for candor and good sense.

Senator HILL seems to be wholly unaware of the fact that it is the Democratic party which has furnished the most cogent arguments against the capacity of the people to govern themselves. The great doubt of that ability has arisen from the fear that partisan fraud and violence would overcome the honest expression of the popular will, and so prove the people to be incapable of self-government. In our own history, from the Plaquemine frauds to the TWEED frauds, and from JAMES MASON'S terrorization of Union voters in Virginia to the "Mississippi plan" and the Louisiana bulldozing, the great mass of fraud and violence at elections has proceeded from Democrats. If the people are capable of governing themselves, we ask again, why do not Mr. HILL'S party friends allow them to do it? He says that the proof of the Republican doubts of the capacity of the people to govern themselves is found in the presence of national supervisors at national elections. But how does this prove it? The supervisors are appointed by authorities elected by the people in pursuance of laws made by representatives of the people. If that is not popular government, what is? Or does Senator HILL deny that the government of the United States is a popular government? If he does not, all that he says about the attempted repeal of the national election laws as one of the greatest epochs in the history of the struggle for human liberty is the most unmitigated nonsense. The sole question is whether in an election in which every State is directly and necessarily concerned the equal interest of every State—that is, of the Union—shall be effectively represented. This is simply a question of method submitted to the people, and however it be decided, the decision, if lawfully reached and peaceably accepted, is an illustration of the capacity of the people to govern themselves. Does Mr. HILL mean to intimate that the Republicans are less willing than the Democrats to appeal to the people? If he does, he is again nonsensical; for he knows, as we all know, that it is the Democrats, not the Republicans, who in an election to decide that very question would try to prevent great bodies of the people from voting.

The real assumption of Mr. HILL is that the government of the people of the United States holds the same kind of relation to the government of the people of the separate States that the government of GEORGE the Third held to the colonies, or that a tyrant holds to his victims. He says that the Republicans think an election can not be held in the State of New York except under the supervision of some "Lord DAVENPORT." That is to say, of some "lord" sent into the State as a satrap or royal commissioner to enforce the will of a master against that of the people. Otherwise the fling is senseless. Now Mr. DAVENPORT is an officer appointed under the laws of the United States by a magistrate of the United States, and so appointed because the people of the United States are of opinion that such an arrangement promotes their interest. Mr. HILL'S sneer at Mr. DAVENPORT, therefore, is merely the sneer of a Democrat at the capacity of the people to govern themselves. If the people are capable of self-government, they know what they are about in providing for the appointment of Mr. DAVENPORT. But if his appointment be an outrage upon liberty—and that is what the Democratic Mr. HILL plainly alleges—the people show themselves to be incapable of self-government. The Senator is for repealing the law, not because it obstructs any lawful voter, not because it does wrong to any one, not even because there should not be a "Lord DAVENPORT," but because his lordship should be appointed by the people as a State, and not by the people as a nation. And the attempt to secure this change he calls one of the great historic struggles for human liberty! It needs only to be added that under existing circumstances this change would secure more certain defeat of the popular will by cheating and violence, to perceive how cogent and conclusive is Mr. HILL'S assertion that "the Democrats affirm that the people are capable of governing themselves; the Republicans say they are not." The Republicans, on the contrary, say that the people are so capable of governing themselves that they have the good sense to take every reasonable precaution against attempts by fraud and violence to defeat their will.

CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

THE St. Louis *Post-Democrat* is a Democratic paper, which says:

> "If the Republicans mean to inaugurate General GRANT as they inaugurated Mr. HAYES, the Democrats in nominating their candidate must ask a new question and exact a new qualification.
>
> "The old one was, Will he be elected?
>
> "The new one must be, Will he, if elected, be inaugurated?
>
> "The Democratic candidate must be a man who, radically unlike Mr. TILDEN, is neither without nor afraid of blood.
>
> "He must be a man who will attend to his own inauguration, if elected, even though blood should be shed.
>
> "Is Mr. TILDEN that man?"

This is not American talk. In this country, where we live under a government of laws, and where every wrong, however great, is remediable by law, we do not enter upon elections boasting of comparative fears of blood. The man who talks in this vein is, in the fullest and worst sense, either a foreigner by birth and tradition, or a foreigner in intelligence. He knows neither America nor Americans. A political reverse in this country is not followed by insurrection and barricades. Even gross political wrongs are not avenged by revolution, as the people of New York showed when TWEED cheated them out of the rightful result of the election in 1869.

This Missouri Bobadil says that the Democratic candidate "must attend to his own inauguration, if elected." He probably will. But if he should undertake to attend to his own inauguration because he declared himself to be elected, he would be in great trouble. Democratic Swashbucklers accuse their last candidate, Mr. TILDEN, of showing the white feather in refusing to take the office to which he was elected. Indeed! and was his word or their word to attest his election? That would be rather more Mexican than Mexico. The people of the United States have declared in the Constitution how the election of a President is to be ascertained. It is not to be left to any number of Bobadils, or General Booms, or Bombastes Furiosos. It is left to the Congress of the United States. That, and that only, is the authority to ascertain who is elected; and if any candidate, Democratic or Republican, should declare himself to be elected by a popular majority or by any other method, and endeavor to "attend to his own inauguration," he would find that there are a great many more "people" than Republicans or Democrats. We are not yet quite so "low down" as Captain Bobadil may suppose.

The most remarkable political event in our history after the Declaration of Independence and the emancipation of the slaves, was the Congressional settlement of the disputed election of 1876. It was an event unprecedented in the history of republics, and it was the most triumphant vindication of popular government. It is unimportant to consider what expectations and purposes there may have been on either side. The great fact is that Congress devised a peaceful settlement, and adhered to it, declaring who was elected President, and "attending" to his inauguration. If Mr. TILDEN wished to prevent the settlement, or to interfere with it, he is a less patriotic and a very much unwiser man than his friends allege. But if, without any declaration by Congress, or with the countenance of the House of Representatives alone, he had assumed his election, and attempted to "attend" to his inauguration, he and Mr. WATTERSON'S "hundred thousand" would have ascertained very speedily whether the people of the United States value their government or not. Mr. TILDEN'S conduct had all the aspect and effect of patriotism, and his party friends do him no service, and prove their own folly, when they deride it as cowardice. There is great virtue in an if. A President may, as Captain Bobadil says, attend to his own inauguration "if elected." But it is not he, it is Congress, that will determine for him whether he is elected.

THE ARMY IN A REPUBLIC.

AT the annual reunion of the Army of the Potomac, in Albany, General HAWLEY delivered an admirable and most timely address upon "The Military Forces of the Republic." It was a simple, clear, and forcible statement of the position of armed force in our system, and it could have been heard with the warmest approval by patriotic men of all parties and of all sections. The necessity of a military and naval organization for such a country as ours needs no demonstration. There must be an army, but while it need not be always a large army, it should be capable of rapid expansion into an adequate and efficient force thoroughly trained in all the latest arts of war. This statement the orator did not leave as a vague generality, but he showed from his own experience—to which, of course, that of his hearers responded—some of the details of service, and reminded his audience, that they might more plainly understand the conditions of armed efficiency at this day, how incessant is the rivalry of progress in chemical and mechanical knowledge bearing upon all the appliances of war.

General HAWLEY pointedly and justly reproved the incessant carping at our army—a carping which is part of the effort in the interests of political buncombe to represent our national government as a kind of monarchical tyranny, and the army as the tool of an irresponsible despotism. Our army is an enlisted force of citizens, under the absolute control of the people through their elected representatives. It is one of the most perfectly orderly and "law-abiding" bodies in the community, and the affected apprehensions of party papers and orators are merely ridiculous. "Let us have an army worthy of honor," says General HAW-

ley, "or none at all; and if worthy of honor, let it have honor." He would form a high ideal of the American professional soldier, and require every youth who entered the academies to master the best military knowledge and accomplishment. Instead of compelling the American officer to feel that he is jealously distrusted, he should be made to see that the finest temper, the highest honor, and the purest patriotism are expected from him.

The army, however, can be but the nucleus of the greater possible force, and hence a well-disciplined and thoroughly organized militia is indispensable. General Hawley cites the example of Connecticut. The militia of that State numbers rather more than ten thousand, and is supported by a moderate tax levied upon all those who are liable to military duty but who are excused. This force is in the proportion of about five hundred for each Representative in Congress. Now if a militia of the same extent were maintained in all the States, there could be summoned to the march in twenty-four hours one hundred and forty-five thousand completely equipped and admirably drilled soldiers. Scatter through it, as the general says, two thousand professional soldiers, thoroughly accomplished and of the highest patriotic and military spirit, and there is a republican army, an army of the people, superb, efficient, and resistless. The orator showed the historical relation of the military force to the civil authority in communities of our race and with English institutions. He described the situation in this country, and emphasized the fact which the President has made clear, that while the enforcement of a law made by the people may sometimes require the military hand, yet nothing is more clearly understood by us all than that even upon such occasions the soldier is subordinate to the civil officer. General Hawley's address is the kind of discourse which American citizens and soldiers ought to hear and ponder every year. It is a complete plea, if any were needed, for an army, and a manly recognition of the place which the liberty-loving instinct of the English-speaking race assigns to military force in a government of the people.

A SUGGESTIVE TELEGRAM.

The ravages of a freshet which seem irremediable are yet rapidly repaired. Nature with grass and crops hastens to cover and heal the wound. This is true also of the material devastation of war. The desolation of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, where even towns and villages were destroyed, and the vestiges of human settlement seemed to be effaced, disappeared with a rapidity which the historians observe. Such visible scars are happily removed; but, as we find in our own experience, there are alienations of feeling which continue. Jefferson Davis is reported to have said lately that no Southern woman was reconciled to the result of the civil war; and the Springfield *Republican* points out that this is due to the fact that the younger generation of Southern women has grown up almost without education, and amid traditions of hate growing out of the long alienation of the sections and the sufferings of the war. Gettysburg and Shiloh, the fields of Vicksburg and the Wilderness, are long since covered with the mild concealing mantle of verdure, and the earth-works and intrenchments are overgrown. But if the animosities that contended upon those fields do still in some degree survive, and still contend under other forms, yet with patience and firmness and patriotism on all sides they will disappear.

Senator Chandler is reported to have said that he wanted no sentimentality, by which we presume he meant that he wishes still to prosecute the war with vigor, and to hear of nothing but unconditional surrender. These are excellent sentiments when they are timely. But it is, perhaps, a little late to inquire whether Bonaparte has arrived from Elba. He died nearly sixty years ago. As for sentimentality, the Senator forgets that sentiment is the most vital of forces. All that makes "the South," in his judgment, "bumptious" and dangerous is what he calls sentimentality. So his own patriotism is a sentiment. But it is not sentimentality, it is stupidity, and prejudice, and narrowness, and ignorance, and arrogance, and obstinacy, and blind party spirit which are the contemptible things in statesmanship. So Mr. Toombs says that he does not care whether "the North" has forgiven him or not, as he means never to forgive the North. But when the loquacious Jemima Jane said to her sister that if the window were opened she would never speak again, never, it was doubtless sad, but it seemed to be sadder for Jemima Jane than for her sister. There is a mysterious feat, of which boys sometimes hear, called biting off your own nose. The pain must be great—to the proprietor. Now and then a cannon-ball, or a piece of a broken wheel, or bit of rusty bayonet, may be found upon a battle-field else overgrown with grain and flowers. But it does not disturb the order of nature.

A little incident reported by the cable a few days since is suggestive of the possible ultimate healing of the sectional wounds among ourselves. Thirteen years ago, on the 24th of June, 1866, the battle of Custozza was fought between the Italians and the Austrians. How traditional and fierce the Italian feeling was toward Austria those know who remember the Italy and the *maladetti Tedeschi* of thirty and forty years ago; and every body may know what it was by reading Browning's "Italian in England," longing to feel Metternich's

"red wet throat distill
In blood 'twixt my two hands."

The hatred was intense and universal. But on the anniversary of the battle this year a monument was dedicated to the slain by both countries. Prince Amadeus represented Italy, and the Field-Marshal Count von Thun-Hohenstein represented Austria. Deputations from the Italian Parliament and army were present, and all the speeches were full of the most cordial sentiments toward Austria. Doubtless it was all very sentimental; but, on the other hand, the worst kind of gush and swash is that which fosters suspicion and jealousy because the importance of the gusher would disappear with a friendly understanding.

HUME'S HISTORY.

The beautiful library edition of Macaulay's *History of England*, published by the Harpers, has been followed by Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic*, and the *United Netherlands*, and by Hume's *History of England*. These editions are uniform, handsome, legible, and cheap, and they form undoubtedly the finest series of histories ever issued in this country. They are the best books for gifts, because their comely solidity is but typical of their solid value. Such works are not merely ornaments of the shelf or table; they are companions and friends and instructors. They are the most fascinating of story-tellers. They are, in fact, philosophers teaching by example.

David Hume was a familiar name upon the library shelves of American households forty and fifty years ago. Hume's *England* was a work of great fame, and it did more than any other single literary influence to mould English political opinion. Hume wrote before the modern epoch of history-writing, and he was without a competitor in his peculiar field. Within half a century, however, in France and Germany and England and America the new school has arisen, with a thoroughness and amplitude of research, a picturesqueness and brilliancy of style, and a vigor of sympathy and argument which have made the historical composition of this period the most striking fact in its literary accomplishment. Freeman's *History of the Normans*, for instance, is a monument of scholarship and literary industry, and Macaulay's *History of England* almost competed in popular interest with Scott's novels.

The new issue of Hume is therefore an exceedingly interesting fact, as showing that there is something in his *History* which survives the splendid competition, and still commands interest and attention. And this is true. His simple, sinewy, tranquil style; the vigor of his statements; the heartiness of his conservatism; and a certain admirable proportion and perspective which has been often observed, indicating both mastery of his material and a fine sense of literary art, are still charming to every reader. If Macaulay's *History* be "a Whig pamphlet," as it was called upon its appearance, it is agreeable to turn to the Tory view of the urbane Scotchman. Indeed, Hume is exceedingly pleasant reading, as his personality is historically very attractive. The letter of Adam Smith describing his cheerful last days is prefixed to this edition—the last days of a composed, bright, and healthy nature. There was a time when he was called ecclesiastical bad names, but his manly simplicity and sincerity have outlasted that little odium. How delightful a historian he was every body can now know, and how wise a philosopher Professor Huxley has lately told us.

DR. BALTHAZAR IN COURT.

We lately called attention to the reluctance of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin to admit Miss Goodell to practice at its bar, despite the example of the Supreme Court of the United States. We can not suppose that our modest plea was of any avail, but we are glad to record that Miss Goodell has now been admitted. And we are reminded by a correspondent that in mentioning States which had not closed the doors of their courts upon Dr. Balthazar—for it was under that name that Portia appeared before the court in Venice in the famous case of Shylock *v.* Antonio—we omitted Michigan. As we show elsewhere, it is not hard to believe good things of Michigan, and we state with pleasure, upon the authority of our correspondent, that in April, 1871, the Supreme Court of Michigan, the highest tribunal of the State, admitted Miss Kilgore to practice in the courts, and subsequently others of the same sex were admitted. Miss Kilgore was the first woman who graduated in the Law Department of the University of Michigan.

The ladies being thus admitted, it is not necessary to demand, in order to justify their admission, that they shall all be Portias under the name of Balthazar, or any other name. There are hundreds of young gentlemen annually admitted to the bar of the different States of whom we do not require that they shall be Storys, Marshalls, Pinkneys, or Websters. They are intelligent, well-meaning, and worthy men who propose to make an honest living by the exercise of their talents, whatever they may be, and of their knowledge, such as it is. This is the general situation of all the "bread-winners."

Now, in the universal contest for livelihood, women certainly have no advantages, and men should offer no undue impediment. If Nature has obstructed any path for them, Nature can attend to her own affairs, and does not need our aid. Indeed, so long as we interfere, it is impossible to tell whether nature obstructs or not. No man is so good an authority upon "the sphere of woman" that his view can be accepted without question. If a gardener says that it is the nature of peach-trees to grow trained upon a wall, it is still well to observe whether they do really tie themselves to the espalier. If when women are admitted to the bar without question there is no demand for their services, and they can not make a livelihood, the time may have come for a careful generalization. In certain departments of medicine, indeed, that time has almost arrived, and the sound generalization appears to be that for some classes of disease women are preferable physicians.

TEACHING HOW TO TEACH.

The University of Michigan is one of the most progressive as well as efficient of our great schools of learning, and adapts itself with singular facility to the conditions of its situation in a rapidly developing country. It was, we believe, the first of our larger universities to adopt the elective system of study, and its spirit has been always hospitable and generous. The most striking fact in its recent annals is the establishment of a chair of the history, theory, and art of education. The value of such a chair is seen at once from the fact that the public schools of Michigan generally fall under the control of graduates of the university. The State Normal School is engaged in the same general work, but upon another plane. In a society like ours, whose security depends upon educated intelligence, there is no more important function and service than that of teaching the teachers. The art of the teacher is that of effectively communicating knowledge. But this can be taught, like every art and science, only by those who are especially fitted for the work; and the University of Michigan is fortunate in finding for its new chair apparently the very man to fill it.

The authorities of the university have invited to the new professorship the late Superintendent of the Public Schools of Adrian, Professor Payne. He has been twenty-one years continuously in the public-school service of the State, and his admirable influence has been gladly and generally acknowledged. But his efficient administration has only deepened his interest in the philosophic principles of his profession, and his views were fully set forth in a course of lectures delivered last year in the Normal Department of Adrian College, which have commanded the interested attention of "educators" as an admirable exposition of the subject. He is now called to the first chair of the kind established in the country, and the University of Michigan again justifies its position as the head of the educational system of the State.

This action will promote the highest interests of education, not only by tempting future teachers to the training of the university, but by apprising the public that teaching is itself an art, and that the knowledge how to teach may make all the difference between school money well or uselessly spent in a community. Both the educational and the charitable systems of Michigan have an enviable reputation, and the good example again set by its university will be doubtless heeded and followed elsewhere.

PERSONAL.

Our countryman George H. Boughton has just been elected an Associate of the British Royal Academy—a distinction much coveted, but seldom conferred upon artists from the U. S.

—Arthur Sullivan had a rollicking reception the other day when he went to Oxford University to receive the degree of Mus. Bac. The students are very fond of him. At the granting of the degree the chief event was the descent from the gallery of an immense pinafore. Then followed from the under-graduates one of the most popular of the *Pinafore* choruses, which was received with immense applause, but which, alas! was nipped in the bud by a hateful proctor.

—The Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of the Reformed Church, of this city, is having a vacation that must cheer the cockles of his kindly heart. He is at Amherst, Massachusetts, and a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "There is no one among the sojourners in town who seems to be having quite so much fun as the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, who is making the week an extended picnic, and can be seen riding about town most any time sitting in the back of a roomy carriage, with four or five young ladies to help each other to do the driving. The doctor says that he never furnishes abstracts or copies of his sermons to reporters, not that he is unfriendly to them, but because if a public man undertakes to do it down in New York, he can get time for nothing else, and that his delivery is so changeable—first slow and then rapid—that the stenographers are not able to 'take' him."

—Judge Dillon, who is just about to enter upon his duties as Professor of Law in Columbia College, held his final court in St. Paul, Minnesota, a few days since, and in replying to an address of the bar of that city, referring to his new duties, he said: "You refer to the new field of labor which I am about to enter. I forbear any extended allusion to it, and will only say that the venerable university, in coming to this remote circuit in the West to fill a chair in the institution which, with pardonable pride, points to the lectures of Chancellor Kent, delivered therein fifty years ago, could not have caused more surprise to you than it did to myself. The increased leisure it gives, the nature of the duties it requires, the compensation it affords, and the great opportunities, direct and collateral, it presents, combined to convince me that I ought to go. I do not seek it for a life of inglorious ease, but that I may be the better enabled to discharge that debt which Lord Bacon says every lawyer owes to his profession."

—Colonel W. H. Roberts, Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Times*, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate cavalry, has been appointed by the Secretary of War to codify the rules, regulations, laws, and orders relating to the army. He is to receive the pay of a full colonel.

—Prince Youssupoff, who is named as the future father-in-law of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, is said to be able to give each of his daughters $10,000,000. He had a large fortune originally, and soon after his marriage went to reside at Geneva, where he lived very quietly, and amassed a great property.

—Benedict Arnold's house in New Haven, Connecticut, is still standing, though in a dilapidated condition. His stationary shoe-box remains in one of the halls. One of the attractions of the dwelling is a secret stairway with the lowest section of steps running on a track so that it can be pulled out into the room when necessary.

—The will of the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild is said to be sworn under $13,500,000. He leaves his wife $500,000 and a life-interest of $250,000 arising from the houses at Frankfort and in London. Also the estate at Gunnersburg and the residence in Piccadilly. A request is made that "my good wife" shall give $50,000 to Jewish charities and $25,000 to others. Annuities in which discretionary power is given to the mother are made to the sons and daughters, and the hope is expressed that they will be good to the mother, who has been kind to them and to him. He thanks God for the success and prosperity that had attended him, and hopes the same guiding hand would direct his sons. He advises his sons of the happy unity that existed between him and his two brothers, to which he attributes the success of the firm, and hopes that the same kind feeling will continue to maintain the position of the house.

—There are few members of the Bonaparte family living, and none remarkable for high mental qualities or for having in any way distinguished themselves. The Baltimore branch of the family is probably the most capable and cultivated of them all. Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde (the latter childless) are the only descendants of Jerome, King of Westphalia, while the other branch, resulting from the fusion of the lines of Joseph and Lucien, consists of Cardinal Prince Lucien, four sisters, and Prince Charles, who has only two daughters. There are also three sons and one daughter, the issue of Lucien's (Prince of Canino) second marriage, but none of these have direct heirs, the daughter being a nun at Rome, Prince Lucien being unmarried, and Prince Pierre's marriage being deemed invalid.

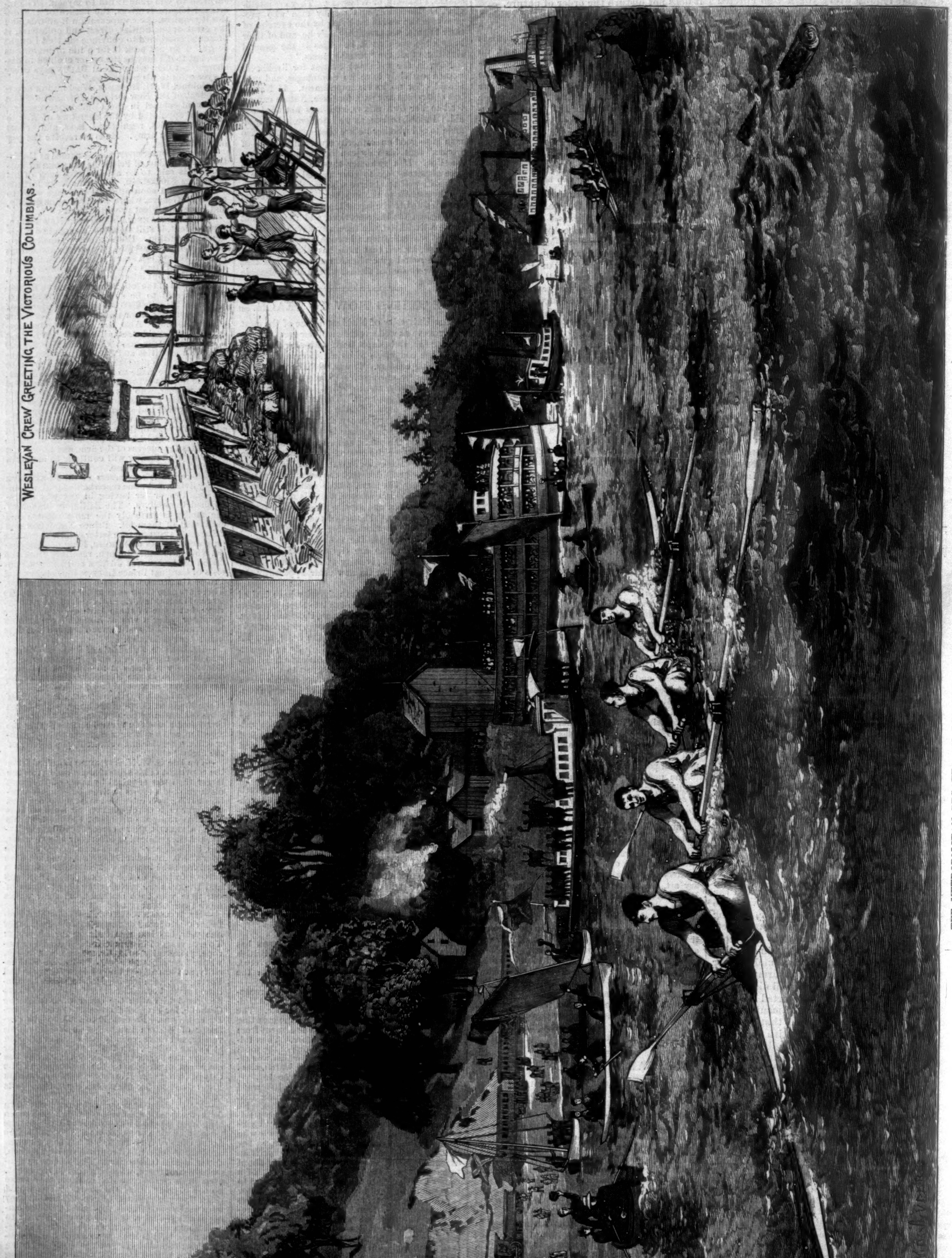
—Dr. Leland, a graduate of Amherst College, who at the request of the Japanese Minister of Education was sent out to establish the gymnastic system in the Normal School at Tokio, has been very successful in his efforts.

—General Horatio G. Wright, the new chief of the Engineer Corps of the army, is fifty-seven years old, and a native of Connecticut. He distinguished himself in several actions during the rebellion, and was always regarded by his brother officers, regular and volunteer, as a soldier of the highest ability.

—The late G. W. M. Reynolds acquired from the copyright of his sensational novels a fortune larger than was acquired by many of the most distinguished authors in Great Britain, his earnings having been estimated at $300,000, or about $4000 for each novel. Matthew Arnold, it is said, has realized only about $50,000 from his pen. Carlyle, after a career of continual activity, and the publication of forty or fifty volumes, has, in his eighty-fourth year, an income of little over $5000. Robert Browning could not have lived from the income of his poems. He has a private fortune to fall back upon. Tennyson and Dickens are probably the only authors of our time who have realized from their works more than Reynolds.

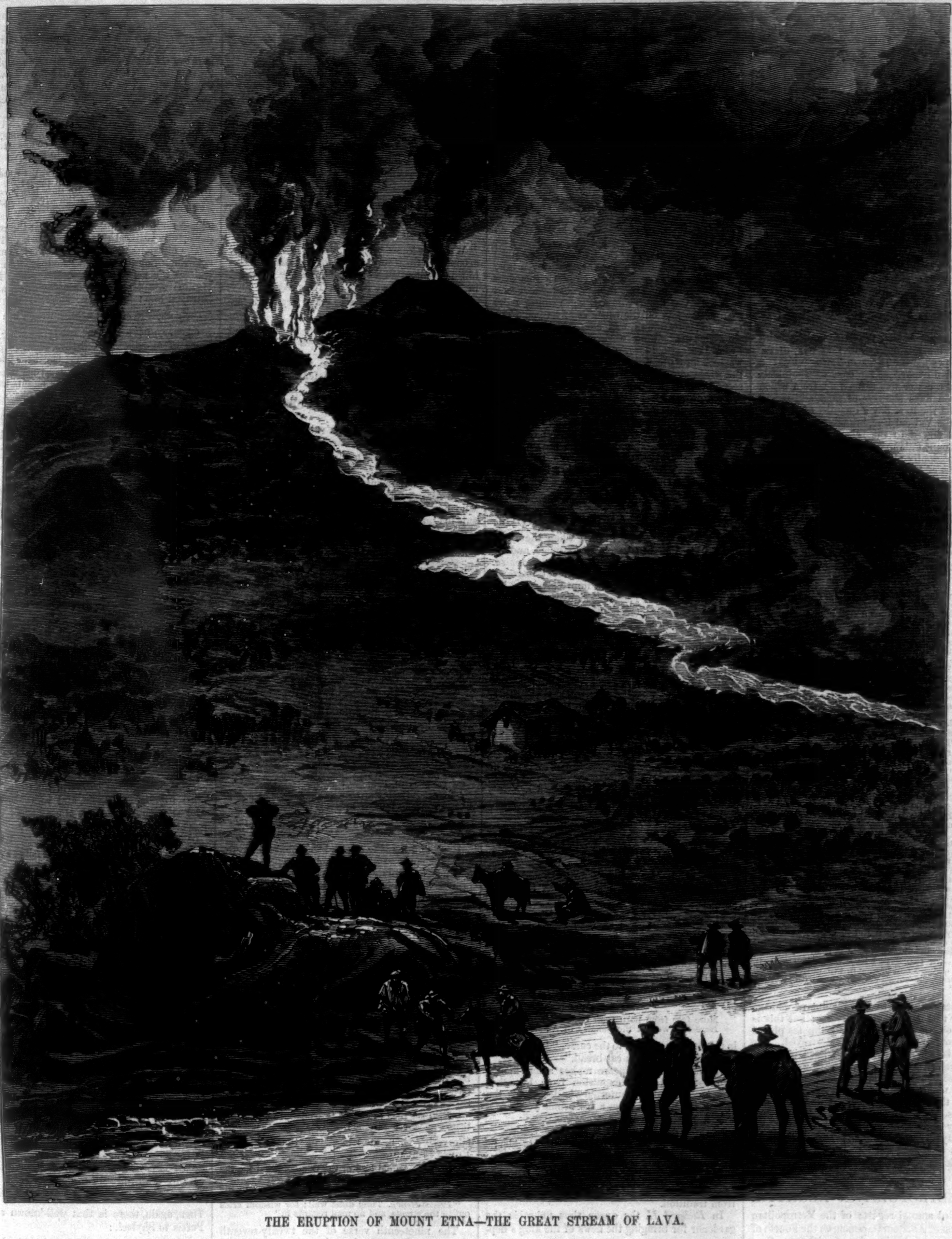
—Mr. William J. Knapp, just appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Yale College for one year, has had this training for his work: Twelve years of his life have been passed in Europe, principally in Italy, France, and Spain, whose languages he speaks and writes with facility, and has a good knowledge of German and Portuguese. On leaving Madrid, where he published several educational works, King Alfonso decorated him with the Order of Isabella the Catholic, for his contributions to Spanish literary criticisms. From 1860 to 1865 he was Professor of Modern Languages in Madison University, and more recently had a similar position at Vassar College. In 1867, before he sailed for Europe, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him by the University of the City of New York. He represented the London *Times* during King Alfonso's tour of the ports of Spain in 1877.

—Mr. Gladstone recently stepped so far down from the public pinnacle on which he has so long been perched as to dine with the Savage Club—a London organization somewhat like the Lotos Club of New York, but not so well managed nor so tone-y. Of course he made a speech, and in it said that so far as Englishmen in general are concerned, when engaged in argument, even in invective and declamation, they make no use of their hands and arms. "You would think they might as well be cut off, and that they were really superfluous appendages. I remember reading—and it is always very desirable to read books that foreigners write about us; depend upon it, it is the way to know ourselves—a book written about forty years ago by an Italian gentleman named Count Pecchio, recounting his experiences in England; and on visiting the chief people in London he says that he found their drawing-rooms not only furnished but over-crowded with all kinds of knickknacks and *bijouterie* easily liable to fracture. Being of a philosophic turn, that gentleman began to connect in his mind causes and effects, and he said, 'I now see the reason why the English people never gesticulate. If they did, the whole of their beautiful objects would come to grief.'"



Wesleyan Crew Greeting the Victorious Columbias.

THE METROPOLITAN REGATTA, ON THE HUDSON.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 586.]



THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA—THE GREAT STREAM OF LAVA.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

THE neglect with which the tourist world treats Mount Etna, while at the same time it sends thousands of visitors yearly to gaze upon the wonders of Vesuvius, is probably accounted for by the fact that the latter mountain deals in frequent eruptions, while the former only sends forth its clouds of smoke and torrents of burning lava upon rare and unexpected occasions. Recently, however, Etna put forth claims to attention by an extensive and long-continued eruption. The inhabitants of Sicily suffered for months from the terrible tide issuing from the various craters of their stately mountain. Vast quantities of mud and saline matter, forming a kind of intermitting fountain, rose sometimes twenty-four feet above the level of the soil. Occasionally great balls appeared, filled with gas, which expanded until they burst, while at the same time the air was filled with smoke and a rain of powdered ashes.

As Mount Etna rises solitary in grandeur, with the great sweep of the Alcantara and the mountain ranges of the Sicilian coast on either side, it excites the most exalted sentiments of wonder and admiration. Its majestic height, however, is less imposing to the imagination than its vast extent, for "Il Monte," as the Sicilians call it, has an area of 462 square miles. Rearing its peak 10,874 feet above the sea-level, the great sloping pile forms a background for two cities and sixty-two small towns. Nine miles below the crater, which is 1000 feet in depth and three miles in length, the habitable zone commences, and is tenanted by 300,000 souls. Only the Val del Bue, commencing two miles from the summit, is altogether sterile now. Here, however, according to certain scientists, was formerly a centre of permanent eruption. The other sides of the mountain are clothed with trees at the same level. Fourteen separate forests form the Regione Selvosa, and they abound with the oak, beech, pine, and poplar, with the chestnut, the ilex, and the cork-tree. Mariposa and Calaveras do not surpass the "Castagna di Cento Cavalli," in the forest of Carpinetto, on the east side of the mountain, in whose trunk, through which the public road now passes, a queen of Aragon once took shelter, with a suite of 100 horsemen. The Regione Coltivata, whose soil consists of decomposed lava, is lavishly fruitful.

All this beauty and abundance exists under the shadow and apparently at the caprice of the most terrible agents of destruction. The old legend of Enceladus seems to possess a verity to those who have dwelt long within the range of Etna's sloping sides. He was the giant who tried to scale heaven by piling mountain upon mountain, and therefore Jove condemned him to be buried under Etna, and there to suffer eternal torment. The ancients tell us that when from time to time he grows restless, and tries to turn beneath his rocky covering, the craters of the volcano open, and fierce eruptions give evidence of the giant's futile efforts to escape from his eternal prison-house. Seventy-eight times, then, has the giant writhed beneath the pressure of the mountain's weight, for that number has it poured forth its streams of smoke and fire and lava. Within the present century there have been no less than fifteen eruptions of Mount Etna. Several preceded the important one in 1809, but they were slight, and accomplished little in the way of destruction. In March of that year no less than twenty-one mouths of fire opened between the summit of the mountain and Castiglione, and two years afterward more than thirty mouths opened in a line running eastward from the summit for five miles. They ejected jets of fire accompanied by much smoke. In 1819 five new mouths of fire opened near the scene of the eruption of 1811; three of these united into one large crater, and poured a quantity of lava into the Val del Bue. The lava flowed until it reached a nearly perpendicular precipice at the head of the valley of Calanna, over which it fell in a cascade, and being hardened by its descent, it was forced against the rock at the bottom so as to produce an extraordinary amount of abrasion, accompanied by clouds of dust.

The next important eruption occurred in 1843, when fifteen mouths of fire opened at a height of 7000 feet above the sea. They began by discharging scoriæ and sand, and afterward lava, which divided into three streams, the two outer of which soon came to a stand-still, while the central stream continued to flow at the rapid rate of 180 feet a minute. The heat at a distance of 120 feet from the torrent was 90° Fahrenheit. A

new crater opened just above Bronte, and discharged lava, which threatened the town, but fortunately encountered Monte Vittoria, and was diverted into another course. While a number of the inhabitants of Bronte were watching the progress of the lava, the front of the stream was suddenly blown out as by an explosion of gunpowder. In an instant hot masses were hurled in every direction, and a cloud of vapor enveloped every thing. Thirty-six persons were killed on the spot, and twenty lived but a few hours.

In August, 1852, a very violent eruption occurred, which lasted more than nine months. It was first witnessed by a party of six English tourists, who ascended the mountain from Nicolosi in order to witness the sunrise from the summit. As they approached the Casa Inglesi, the crater commenced to give forth ashes and flames of fire. In a narrow defile they were met by a violent hurricane, which overthrew both the mules and the riders, and hurried them toward the precipices of the Val del Bue. They sheltered themselves beneath some masses of lava, when suddenly an earthquake shook the mountain, and the terrified mules rushed frantically down the slope. The party returned on foot to Nicolosi, and arrived at daylight, fortunately without having sustained any injury. In the course of the night several new mouths opened in that part of the Val del Bue called the Balzo di Trifoglietto, and a great fissure opened at the base of Giannicola Grande, and a crater was thrown up, from which for seventeen days showers of sand and scoriæ fell. During the next day a quantity of lava fell down into the Val del Bue, branching off so that one stream flowed to the foot while the other flowed to Mount Calanna. The eruption continued, with gradually abating violence, during the early months of 1853, and did not fully cease until the latter part of May.

None of these eruptions, however, compared with the recent one, which has devastated the slopes of Etna for miles, and is decided to be the most fearful visitation of the kind that has yet occurred in the nineteenth century. It has been described by several eye-witnesses, but the following account, from a resident on the mountain-side, is perhaps the most graphic:

"On the morning of the 27th of May all seemed in repose. Not a cloud was upon the mountain, save the flat cloud with a lump in the middle, which often overhangs the crater in the summer months, and which the Sicilians call 'the cardinal's hat.' But at half past eight a dense cloud was observed to issue from the earth upon the northern slope of the mountain, as well as could be judged about half way between Linguagrossa and Randazzo, but much higher up the mountain. This cloud grew and spread, and became so dense that the whole mountain became perfectly invisible; the light became so much obscured that it resembled the darkness produced by a total eclipse of the sun, and a rain of fine black ash, like powdered emery, commenced. So heavy was the fall that the promontory of Naxos, but two miles distant, became perfectly invisible. This black rain continued the whole of the day; loud reports could occasionally be heard from the mountain, and no doubt now remained that an eruption on a grand scale had commenced. Nobody could ascend the mountain under such circumstances. Etna is so enormous and so precipitous and rugged that a voyage of investigation in such a rain of ash and such darkness would have been almost an impossibility.

"All night this black rain went on. About midnight huge fires could be seen looming through the dense clouds. In the morning a most extraordinary scene presented itself. The whole face of nature was black. The hills and plains were black; the sea-shore was black; the usually dazzlingly white roads were black; the roofs of the houses were black. My garden is just now a mass of flowers, but every leaf, every petal, every cup, was loaded with black, the edges of the petals giving a bright line of the color of the flower. If a breath of wind passed, a black shower fell from the trees. And still the black rain went on. The effect upon the mind was most depressing. This ash penetrates every thing; it is found in closely shut linen drawers, in close boxes, it is all among my papers as I write, and it seems to take delight in inserting itself in one's food—for two days I have been chewing grit. The effect of trees and figures in this universal black is very strange, the colors standing out with startling brilliancy."

Accounts differ as to the amount of damage caused by this most terrific disaster; but this is probably owing to the different estimates placed by the owners upon the property destroyed. The principal lava stream is said to have extended six or seven miles. In our engraving our readers will see how the burning flood wound its way down the mountain-side. Every effort has been made by the Italian government and others to assist those who have suffered from the eruption. Personally King HUMBERT has given $1000, and his Majesty's is but one among many large subscriptions that have been paid over to the distressed Sicilians.

THE METROPOLITAN REGATTA.

THE third annual regatta of the Metropolitan Association of Amateur Oarsmen, on the Fourth of July, was remarkable in point of mishaps. Contrary to advice, and disregarding the sad experiences of the previous two years, the Association persisted in choosing the Hudson River for their races; but as the regatta of last year was undertaken on the west side, they thought to avert the troubles by laying out their course this year on the east side. The course was a mile and a half straight away, between One-Hundred-and-Fortieth and One-Hundred-and-Seventieth streets, opposite Washington Heights. At first there was every promise of good sport, but a stiff southwest wind blew up, and made the water so rough that the seven races of the day developed into a long-drawn-out swimming match, in which eleven crews were the contestants, as they were unceremoniously "dumped" into the river one after the other. The gayly flagged steamers and the shells floating about on the course gave indications of a regatta; but the scene along the shore, where men were being fished out by the police and rolled on barrels, looked more like a dress rehearsal of the Royal Humanitarian Society, or of the Association for the Resuscitation of the Drowned. The Wesleyan, Carman, Argonauta, Pioneer, Nereus, Columbia (of Brooklyn), Resolute, Nautilus, Carman Six, Ariel, and Dauntless boats all were sunk, and the crews as they came on shore had evidently, from their involuntary movements, swallowed whatever spare water the boats had not taken in. For the first five minutes after the men landed the shore was a dismal sight, while men and boats were being emptied of the "salt sea waves," after which the men were "hung out to dry," and the sport went on. The police were very efficient as "fishers of men" on this occasion; and as their hands were too full to add pleasure to business, no one was hurt, and the very damp oarsmen went home bruiseless and happy.

The second of the races was a four-oared (college) shell race between Columbia and Wesleyan. The crew of the former were ELDREDGE, VAN SINDEREN, PAINTER, and WEBB; and of the latter, MATTISON, MCDONALD, BARNES, and WHITE. The Columbia men rigged false wash-boards on their boat, and Wesleyan did not, to which fact she probably owes the loss of the race. The two boats got off well together, and for a mile the race was as pretty and close as was ever seen, one bow appearing to the front for a second and then the other, and neither gaining more than a few feet on the other at any time. The form of both crews was admirable, and both showed conscientious work and much practice. From the start, however, wave after wave had washed into the Wesleyan boat, until, when off the wharf at the foot of One-Hundred-and-Fifty-second Street, they had made her so heavy that, after a pretty spurt that sent her nearly half a length ahead of Columbia, her crew stopped rowing, as shown in our illustration, and Columbia, protected by the false wash-boards, pulled leisurely to the finish, and over the line, winning the race in 10.12¼. The Wesleyan boys were soón ashore, where they gave a hearty greeting to their victorious opponents.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

SHAKSPEARE lived at a time when the Bible began once more to be eagerly studied, and he seems to have been fully alive to the new impulse. This is shown not merely by his direct quotations from Scripture, but far more impressively by his indirect allusions. There are many passages into which Shakspeare (without quoting) has compressed the essence of portions of Scripture, which could only have been the result of a careful meditation of the sacred page. Besides this, there is almost every where a recognition of the other world and invisible things, proving that his mind had been in familiar communication with the chief source of religious truth. It is not too much to say that in Shakspeare religion is a vital and active principle, sustaining the good, alarming the wicked, and influencing the heart and life. For example, in *Measure for Measure* Isabella's character is based upon religion as containing the only principles equal to the task of overcoming her temptation. On the other hand, Angelo, who makes a profession of strict moral purity, is destitute of religious principles, and therefore falls.

We could find in Shakspeare allusions to passages culled from almost every book of the Bible. The references to the earliest historical characters of Scripture—Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel—are very numerous and very varied. In *Much Ado about Nothing* we find Benedick saying of Beatrice:

"I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed."

This owes its force to the effect it has on our imagination. We recall an image of the bliss and profusion of good with which Adam was surrounded before he fell. In the forest of Arden the duke says:

"Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam"—

in reference, no doubt, to the curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

In *Henry V.* Shakspeare makes a fine figurative use of Adam's expulsion from Paradise. The Archbishop of Canterbury is describing the change in Henry V. from a frolicsome youth to a wise king:

"Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits."

But the idea here that paradise became the abode of celestial spirits is extra-Biblical and derived from tradition.

In *Richard II.* the queen thus upbraids the gardener for bringing the news of the king's deposition:

"Thou old Adam's likeness,
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?"

Here the three or four earliest pictorial sketches of the Bible are combined in one view, and that in very strong colors.

Falstaff makes a very witty allusion to Adam's fall in excuse of his own offenses:

"In the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy?"

These are but a few of Shakspeare's references to the earliest historical records of the Bible. The allusions to Cain and Abel are not less numerous and striking. Constance thus speaks of Prince Arthur:

"For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born."

The Bishop of Winchester, when threatened by the Duke of Gloster, thus speaks (1 *Henry VI.*, i. 3):

"Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt."

(An irritating mode this of claiming relationship, and yet at the same time superiority.)

In *Richard II.* Bolingbroke charges Mowbray with the murder of the Duke of Gloster, and says:

"Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice and rough chastisement."

The words of Northumberland, in the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, reveal his agony of heart when he hears that his rebel army is defeated, and that his son, Henry Percy, is slain. Thoroughly aroused from his apathy by grief and desperation, he now resolves to hazard all, and ends his fierce invocation thus:

"Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms!"

We don't know whether people, in reading the account of Noah in the Book of Genesis, think of him as a sailor, yet a sailor he certainly was; and in *Twelfth Night* we have Sir Toby saying,

"Judgment and reason were grand jurymen before Noah was a sailor."

In the *Comedy of Errors* one of the "great unwashed" is spoken of as having a "fault that Noah's flood could not mend."

Falstaff, who is a little too fond of quoting Scripture, makes in his self-defense an allusion to one of Pharaoh's dreams:

"If to be fat is to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved."

In another play there is a rather unique allusion to the plague of darkness:

"There is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog."

The Commandments are thus alluded to. Lucio, in *Measure for Measure*, says to a gentleman who has used a somewhat tricksy argument to suit his purpose:

"*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.
"*Gentleman.* 'Thou shalt not steal'?
"*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed."

Passing by the numerous allusions to be met with to Jephthah, Samson, Saul, David, and others, one example may be given of Falstaff's curious way of putting together texts from different parts of the Bible:

"I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle."

Shakspeare has made liberal use of the Book of Job. There is no need to recall verbal references, such as the phrases "as slanderous as Satan," "as poor as Job," "as wicked as Job's wife." But in *Othello* we have half a dozen lines which give us the substance of the second chapter of Job. Othello, bewailing the supposed infidelity of Desdemona, says:

"Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience."

Here, and in many other places, Shakspeare reverses the process of the preacher. The preacher expands and dilutes Scripture. Our poet compresses it, and gives the essence of large portions in a line or two. In one of his sonnets Milton has done the same with the parable of the ten virgins.

In another place (*Henry V.*, iii. 3) there is the following reference to Job's leviathan:

"We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore."

In the Book of Job it is: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?" "Will he speak soft words unto thee? Will he make a covenant with thee?"

The numerous allusions to the Book of Psalms must be passed by. But a few quotations may be given of some of the very striking parallels to passages in the Proverbs. The fool in *King Lear* says to Kent:

"We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring in the winter."

(Proverbs, vi. 6, etc.) Falstaff thus addresses Prince Henry:

"*Falstaff.* An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, and in the street, too.
"*Prince Henry.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it."

The nineteenth verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of Proverbs is rather obscure, and the commentators very much differ in their interpretation of it. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." But Shakspeare seems to have explained it as well as any of them, if not better. In *Julius Cæsar* Cassius thus speaks:

"Therefore good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
And, since you can not see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of."

That seems to be the exact meaning of Solomon in the above passage. One man's heart is as a mirror, in which another may see a reflection of himself. One more illustration must suffice. In Proverbs, xxiii. 34, the drunkard is thus addressed: "Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." Shakspeare has drawn out the image more fully in the exclamation of Hastings on finding himself betrayed by Richard:

"O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep."

We now turn to the New Testament for a few specimens of Shakspeare's Scriptural knowledge. There are many allusions to that King Herod who occupies such a conspicuous place in the early part of St. Matthew's Gospel. One example must be sufficient. Henry V. at Harfleur is warning the inhabitants of the town of the dire consequences that will follow should they refuse to open their gates to him:

"Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command....
If not, why, in a moment, look to see....
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers, with their howls confused,
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen."

This forcible description shows that the poet had powerfully realized this savage work of Herod's.

The allusions to another New Testament character, notorious for his wickedness (Judas the traitor), are very frequent and varied. Richard II. thus speaks of his three favorites who had betrayed him:

"Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!"

Gloster, afterward Richard III., having, in pretense of affection, kissed the young prince that he afterward murdered, thus speaks, aside:

"To say the truth, so Judas kissed his Master,
And cried, All hail, when as he meant—all harm."

Again, of a dissembler it is said:

"His kisses are Judas's own children."

And speaking of the flattery that abounds in the world, one says:

"Who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish?"

But let us pass on to a few other New Testament allusions. The Duke of Gloster (beforementioned), after saying, aside, that by his misrepresentations he has induced Stanley and others to whet him on to be revenged on Rivers, Dorset, and Grey, adds:

"But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen forth of Holy Writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

This owes its pungency to the juxtaposition made between the mind of the arch-villain Richard and the sentiments and spirit of Holy Writ. So Macbeth refers to another clause in the same verse ("Pray for them which despitefully use you") when he is urging an assassin to murder Banquo in retaliation for the wrongs done to him:

"Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave?"

Cardinal Beaufort is very appropriately addressed as

"Thou wolf in sheep's array,"

considering that the words in the Gospel are applied to false prophets, and to those who for wicked purposes assume the office of Christian teachers.

Again, we find Hamlet saying,

"There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."

The allusion is obvious; and very beautifully is the same passage introduced in *As You Like It.* Adam, like a faithful old servant, in dissuading his master, Orlando, from plunging into an evil course to get a living, says:

"But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age."

In contrast with this, here is a sentiment of Shylock's, steeped in gall:

"There be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter—
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!"

Numerous other passages, equally or even more striking, might easily be quoted. But, after all, the most interesting illustrations of Shakspeare's use of the Bible are those which can not be referred to one or two texts, but are steeped in Scriptural sentiment and religious truth. There is, for instance, that grand prophecy of Archbishop Cranmer's, at the end of *Henry VIII.*, concerning the Princess Elizabeth:

"This royal infant (Heaven move still about her!)," etc.

Then, again, there is that well-known appeal of Portia to Shylock:

"The quality of mercy is not strained," etc.

A similar sentiment occurs in Isabella's appeal to Angelo on behalf of her brother, who, Angelo says, has become a forfeit to the law:

"Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once!
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new-made."

These are sentiments that could have come only from a soul in love with goodness. They are genuinely religious, and the state of mind they imply could hardly be assumed for the occasion. On the whole, we may say that for inspiring a true detestation of vice, and a genuine love of goodness, no human writings can surpass Shakspeare's. No wonder, then, that Shakspeare, whilst intelligible to the understanding of a child, and fascinating to the youthful imagination, should still be the friend of the full-grown man, and the sharer of his most serious feelings; and when many authors once admired have ceased to charm, no wonder that this author still retains his hold upon us.

THE TWENTY-THIRD AT NEWPORT.

THE Fourth-of-July visit of Brooklyn's famous Twenty-third Regiment to Newport, Rhode Island, may be fairly set down as the great military event of the season. Never did a body of militia make a more creditable display, and never were soldiers more handsomely received and entertained. From first to last every man acquitted himself splendidly, and every body in Rhode Island, from the Governor down—for every body in Rhode Island went to Newport to see the boys—did his best to make the gallant visitors feel at home, and they succeeded.

The start was made from Brooklyn on the evening of the 3d inst., and early the next morning the steamer *Old Colony* landed the men at their point of destination. Scarcely had the gang-plank been thrown out when the boat was boarded by a committee from the Newport Common Council, headed by General BURDICK, chairman of the body, and accompanied by Mayor BURDICK, of Newport, General BARNEY, Adjutant-General of the staff, and Colonel COZZENS, of the staff of Governor VAN ZANDT, of Rhode Island. The committee met Colonel WARD and staff in the grand saloon of the steamer, and General BURDICK, on behalf of the Common Council, welcomed the regiment to the city in a neat and felicitous speech. General BARNEY welcomed the regiment to Rhode Island on behalf of the State, Colonel COZZENS tendered the welcome and regards of Governor VAN ZANDT, and Mayor BURDICK welcomed the regiment to the city. Colonel WARD responded, thanking the representatives of Newport and the State of Rhode Island for their welcome, and assuring them of the hearty pleasure which it gave the soldiers of Brooklyn and of the National Guard of the State of New York to visit Newport, and partake of the hospitalities so generously tendered. The regiment then disembarked, and formed in line on Long Wharf. Here the Newport Light Infantry, about thirty strong, under command of Captain JAMES M. JAQUES, were drawn up on the line of the street, presenting company front.

At half past five the column started, passing in front of the Newport battalion, and receiving the customary military honors, which were returned by the Twenty-third as the Newport troops marched past to take their place as escort at the head of the column. The line of march was up Touro Street to Belleville Avenue, to the Ocean House. Although it was early in the morning, the streets were lined with citizens, and the stores and buildings along the route were handsomely decorated. Passing up Belleville Avenue in column of fours, with the Veteran Guard of the Twenty-third, Captain M. B. OGDEN in command, in the rear of the band and ahead of the staff, the regiment halted in front of the Ocean House, which was gayly decorated with flags and streamers. Here the right wing stacked arms and unslung knapsacks, and with the staff, band, drum corps, and Veteran Guard, went in to breakfast, while the left wing marched on down to the camp. It was now about six o'clock. The boys were hungry, and did ample justice to the excellent meal put before them, and were well satisfied with the provision made for them by Commissary of Subsistence CHARLES E. BRIDGE, who acquitted himself with credit in his department. Breakfast over, the men resumed arms and knapsacks, and marched down to camp, meeting the left wing coming up from camp to their breakfast. They had gone down and got into quarters while the right wing were breakfasting.

Camp Robinson, named after his Excellency the Governor of this State and Commander-in-Chief of its National Guard, was in every respect perfection itself. Here the tents, 260 in number, were prettily set in rows at one end of an open field of twenty acres delightfully situated on the bluffs facing the ocean. Nothing interfered to obstruct the view of the broad blue sea. To the north and east lay Newport's famous beach, and a line of elegant summer homes. To the west were other villas, while to the south, as far as the eye could reach, were the rugged cliffs immortalized by the poets. Here the boys spent off hours in fishing or in cooling their feet in the dashing waters. Skirting the edge of the bluff, and running through well-kept grounds, is an open path that is a favorite strolling-place. Here the handsome soldier boys and the pretty girls of Newport passed many pleasant hours in innocent flirtation.

To tell all the good things that happened during the six days' stay is impossible in this brief space; but it may all be summed up by saying that not a man of all who went is sorry for it. There was some rain and a snap of cold weather that interfered somewhat with the enjoyment, but these were soon forgotten. The night of the Fourth was particularly unfavorable, so that the fire-works display had to be postponed until the 5th, but it was a success then. The streets of the camp were brilliantly illuminated with handsome lanterns, while bombs, rockets, and candles were set off in great numbers. On Burnside Place Company E displayed a fine set piece, showing the regimental badge with the company letter at the bottom.

This was the first pleasure excursion made by the Twenty-third since the Centennial year, when it took part in the great military parade on the Fourth of July. The regiment was sent the following year to Hornellsville to aid in suppressing the railroad riots. The order was promulgated in the morning, and in the evening 500 men, armed, equipped, and rationed, began the march to the scene of riot. The regiment was organized in 1862, and it was at Gettysburg the following year at the time of General LEE's invasion. It marched from Gettysburg to Harrisburg, and again was ordered to garrison duty at Fort Crouch. From Fort Crouch it marched to the Cumberland Valley, thence to Boonsborough, Maryland. Upon General LEE's retreat it was ordered to cover the roads leading to Williamsport. It was attached to the Sixth Army Corps while in active service, and upon the news of the riot in the city of New York it was ordered to fall back on Frederick City, from which place it proceeded by special transportation to New York. At that time the regiment performed considerable "home duty," it being ordered to defend the Atlantic Docks in Brooklyn for several weeks, and it subsequently assisted in putting down the disturbance which broke out in General Spinola's encampment near East New York.

HISTORICAL SUN-DARKENINGS.

NOT a few persons appear to have been much exercised by a prognostication of an approaching period of sun-darkening to extend over several days. History does record instances in which the sun has been abnormally obscured, or its light paled to such an extent that stars have come into view in the daytime, and Erman, Humboldt, and other writers have brought these occasions into prominent notice, the former in connection with the presumed passage of dense meteoric streams between the earth and the sun. The earliest mention of such a phenomenon appears to be in the year B.C. 44, about the time of the death of Julius Cæsar, when we read in Plutarch and Dio Cassius that the sun was paler than usual for a whole year, and gave less heat, the air continuing cold and misty. The darkness for two hours on August 22, A.D. 358, appears to have preceded the great earthquake of Nicomedia. Two years later, in all the eastern provinces of the Roman Empire, we are told, there was "caligo a primo auroræ exortu adusque meridiem," and the stars were seen, the further description being rather applicable to a total solar eclipse; but neither the eclipse of March 4, 360, nor that of August 28 would be visible in those parts. Again, when Alaric appeared before Rome, the darkness was such that stars were seen in the daytime (Schnurrer, *Chronik der Seuchen*). Following the *Tablettes Chronologiques* of the Abbé Lenglet Dufresnoy, Alaric invested Rome A.D. 409, and became master of the city on August 24, 410. There was a visible eclipse of the sun on June 18 of the latter year, therefore while the siege was in progress; but on calculating the circumstances under which it would be seen at Rome, introducing the latest lunar elements, it appears that little more than half the sun's disk would be covered at the greatest phase, about 2 h. 40 m. P.M., and no sensible diminution of sunlight would be occasioned by the eclipse. In 536, 567, and 626 we find mention of long periods of diminished sunlight. Schnurrer records that in 733, a year after the Saracens had been driven back beyond the Pyrenees, consequent on their defeat at Tours, "the sun darkened in an alarming manner on August 19; there appeared to be no eclipse by the moon, but rather an interruption from some meteoric substance."

In 934, according to a Portuguese historian, the sun lost its ordinary light for several months; this is followed by the doubtful statement that an opening in the sky seemed to take place, with many flashes of lightning, and the full blaze of sunshine was suddenly restored. In 1091, on September 29, not 21, as given in some of the translations of Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Schnurrer relates that there was a darkening of the sun which lasted three hours, and after which it had a peculiar color, which occasioned great alarm. In another place we read: "Fuit eclipsis Solis 11 Kal. Octob. fere tres horas: Sol circa meridiem dire nigrescebat:" there was no visible eclipse at this time, and the November eclipse was central only in the southern parts of the earth. A century later, or in June, 1191, according to Schnurrer, the sun was again darkened, with certain attendant effects upon nature. Here the cause is easily found: on June 23 there was a total eclipse, in which the moon's shadow traversed the continent of Europe from Holland to the Crimea; the eclipse was total in England between the coasts of Cumberland and Yorkshire. Erman refers to a sun-darkening on February 12, 1106, which was accompanied by meteors, and we read in the cometographies that on the 4th, or, according to others, on the 5th, of February, in this year, a star was seen from the third to the ninth hour of the day, which was distant from the sun "only a foot and a half." Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster term this star a comet, and we may take it to have been the same which, later in the same month, was observed in China under the sign Pisces, and which at one time was supposed to have been identical with the great comet of 1680; this body, however, would not appear to have been sufficiently near the earth, even on the assumption of a denser constitution than usual with comets, to account for a diminution of the solar rays by its intervention. On the last day of February, 1206, according to a Spanish writer, there was complete darkness for six hours. In 1241, "five months after the Mongol battle of Leignitz," the sun was so obscured and the darkness became so great that the stars were seen at the ninth hour, about Michaelmas. In this case, again, the darkness referred to was undoubtedly due to the total eclipse on October 6, of which Professor Schiaparelli has collected a full account from the Italian writers. Lastly, in 1547, from April 23–25, Kepler relates, on the authority of Gemma, "The sun appeared as though suffused with blood, and many stars were visible at noonday."

From the above brief summary of what have been considered abnormal sun-darkenings, we see that in several cases the diminution of light has been due to the ordinary effects of a total eclipse, while it is clear that there are no grounds in the historical evidence for any prediction of a period of darkness. The nervous in these matters—and it would really appear that such exist—may therefore dismiss their fears.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN reviewing the casualties of July 4, 1879, the wisdom of retaining in force the ordinances forbidding the indiscriminate discharge of fire-works and fire-arms is apparent. As compared with previous years, when little legal restriction was placed upon manifestations of noisy enthusiasm, the number of fires was very small, and the list of serious accidents much shorter than usual. Nevertheless the law was but imperfectly enforced, and several deaths and many severe and serious woundings of innocent persons, as well as lawless ones, were the result of illegal recklessness. Not far from thirty cases were reported of injuries resulting from the discharge of fire-arms in New York and Brooklyn on the Fourth—and probably there were others not reported. Many of the shots were fired by "unknown persons." Perhaps one of the saddest cases was that of a little girl less than two years old, who, while playing with an older brother on the sidewalk in front of her father's house, suddenly fell to the ground. At the same time a pistol-shot was heard; and when the innocent child was picked up, it was found that the bullet fired by some reckless wretch had killed her. Indeed, the folly and wickedness of carrying deadly weapons on ordinary occasions become daily more manifest, since so often carelessness or sudden passion causes fatal results. The mysterious fate of John F. Seymour, found dead from a pistol-ball in the grounds of the General Theological Seminary early on the morning of July 4, seems at this time not unlikely to have resulted from mere recklessness or sudden anger. Many instances have occurred within a few weeks where a window-pane has been shattered by a bullet from an unknown hand; and even though no fatal results follow in one instance, that does not lessen the feeling of insecurity or the real danger. Surely, in a great city like New York, there should be a more stringent enforcement of the law regarding the use of fire-arms, and for the protection of quiet, home-abiding people there should be additional regulations in regard to the discharge of pistols, etc., on private premises. It matters very little to the injured or killed whether the death-dealing weapon is fired from a public thoroughfare, or from a small back yard, or the window of a private house.

The stories that have come from Zululand concerning the death of the Prince Imperial indicate that he was deserted in his extremity by all his comrades except the "two troopers" who fell with him. The others galloped away in hot haste as the Zulus appeared, leaving the dismounted young Prince to his fate. It would seem as though British honor and valor would have led every one to have stood by, to the last, one who not only was princely, but who was young, inexperienced, and, moreover, a guest, committed to the charge of the British commanders.

Seven hundred newsboys of Philadelphia were made comfortable and happy by the sensible and practical way in which Mr. George W. Childs celebrated the Fourth of July. He provided for them a good substantial dinner—whereat they rejoiced.

The abolition of the duty on quinine has made quite a stir among druggists and manufacturers of the article in this country. Some of them say that the price of the drug will increase rather than diminish; and yet certain manufacturers are proposing to close up their business, which certainly looks a trifle inconsistent. The market price will doubtless be less than it has been, which, as the article is almost a necessity while malarial maladies are so wide-spread, will be a blessing to the poor.

Coney Island is in the height of its glory.—So, also, is Saratoga, though the waters of the two places vary slightly. The proprietors of Hathorn Spring now charge an admission fee of five cents to the spring, and as every body drinks this water, this will secure a revenue which will aid in keeping the place in repair.—At Lake George one of the novelties of the season is the Vassar College boat-race.—At Narragansett Pier several new cottages have been built during the past year, and hotel accommodations have been increased.—Extensive improvements are in progress at Thousand Island Park, and islands near by command a higher price than last year.—Many changes, which are also improvements, have been made in Bethlehem, New Hampshire—a favorite resort among the White Mountains. Not the least of these is the opening of a new avenue shaded by 250 trees. Bethlehem has needed shade trees more than almost any thing to make it really comfortable in a hot day.

Racing, rowing, and sundry other out-door sports are in the height of popularity in July. It seems all the same to contestants whether it be hot or cool weather.

In the town of New Windsor, not far from Newburgh, New York, the skeleton of a mastodon has been found in a swamp on the farm of Mr. Hugh Kelly. The bones are in a petrified condition, presenting the appearance of flint, and were discovered while the farmer's son was digging a trench. According to the measurements given, the skeleton is nearly as large as any yet found of this animal. The largest one ever discovered came from this same section of country, having been found in 1845, and is preserved in the Boston Museum. At different times within the last hundred years many remains of the mastodon have been found in various parts of this State. The land on which this latest discovery was made formed the bed of a pond fifty years ago. Since it was drained the swamp has been used for the growth of vegetables.

The Paris *Gaulois* publishes the codicil to the will of the Prince Imperial, in which he says: "The duties which our house owes to our country will not lapse by my death; the arduous and glorious task of continuing the work of the first Napoleon will depend, in the event of my death, upon the oldest son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, who, by the laws of succession of our house, is my heir. I trust that my beloved mother, by seconding him in the discharge of the responsibilities and duties which, in the event of my death, will devolve upon him, will give to me, when I am no longer upon this earth, this last and supreme proof of her affection for me and of her love of France."

In preparation for building on One-Hundred-and-Tenth Street, near Fourth Avenue, the ground was excavated, and the dirt taken out was heaped up to a height of about twelve feet. Then it was dug away at *the bottom* for removal, and the heap left overhanging. This careless deed cost the life of a bright little girl twelve years old. She and a younger child were playing about under this dangerous roof, when it fell, burying them beneath it. The younger one was not wholly covered, and her screams brought help, and she was dragged out. But in her fright she forgot for a time to say that her companion was under the fallen earth. And so death came to the young girl before rescue.

Vera Cruz, the port through which foreign trade is chiefly conducted with the Mexican capital, has recently been the scene of many disturbances. The trade of the city is largely in the hands of foreign merchants, and they have violently opposed a new law which makes infractions of the revenue law a penal offense. The war steamer *Libertad* was seized by her mutinous crew while her commander was on shore, and about the same time there was a revolt in the Vera Cruz garrison.

The person who supplied the pistol to Alexander Solovieff, with which he attempted to assassinate the Emperor of Russia, is a Dr. Weimar. He also procured the poison with which Solovieff attempted suicide after his failure to kill the Czar, and owned the horse by means of which the assailants of General Mesentsoff attempted to escape. He has been sentenced to death.

Amherst has been visited with a very serious fire, which is believed to have been the work of an incendiary. A large part of the business portion of the town has been consumed, involving losses which are estimated at from $100,000 to $150,000.

On August 4 a memorial statue to Robert Bruce will be unveiled at Lochmaben, Scotland.

At the High Blantyre coal mine, near Glasgow, Scotland, an explosion took place on July 3. Thirty-one men were in the pit, and it is probable that all were killed, although at last reports not all of the bodies had been recovered.

Port-au-Prince, the capital city and chief port of Hayti, was reported to have been in flames on July 7.

Somewhat diverse accounts are given in English journals of the way in which the Empress Eugénie first learned of her son's death. Some say that by chance she saw a letter sent to a friend, which alluded to coming sad intelligence; others, that the news was brought to Chiselhurst by Lord Sydney, and first communicated to Eugénie by the Duc de Bassano, and this is doubtless correct. When the duke first spoke to her of new disasters in Zululand, her motherly instincts took instant alarm, and she begged to know at once the worst. But the duke faltered, and made some excuse to retire before his emotions betrayed him. But the Empress summoned him again, after a brief interval, and believing that her son was ill, demanded to know all, and said that she would at once go to the Prince herself. "Alas, madame," replied the duke, "it is too late!" Upon hearing this the stricken mother burst into a paroxysm of grief, exclaiming: "My son! my poor son!" Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, paid a visit of condolence to Eugénie at Chiselhurst. Special formalities were waived in the presence of so great a grief, and the Queen was ushered at once, alone, into the Empress's boudoir. There were no witnesses to that interview, which lasted three-quarters of an hour. The Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold were admitted afterward for a few moments.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN wishing to obtain board for his wife and family in the country was directed to a neat-looking farm-house kept by an old farmer and his wife. A brief inspection satisfied him that the place would suit him. "But now as to the terms?" he said. "Wa'al," drawled the farmer, "you have six children, you say?" "Yes, Sir." The old man reflected a few moments, and then replied: "Last year I took children at half price. Do you see them p'ar-trees and berry bushes? Wa'al, this year I will charge full price for the young uns, and throw in your wife and yourself for nothin'."

No, young man, lisle-thread gloves are not legal tender for a lost bet with a pretty girl.

A DENTIST'S SIGN—Drawing, music, and dancing.

A visitor observed to Meissonier that he seemed to have none of his own pictures. "Too dear, my dear madam," said the great artist: "I can't afford them."

A young lady thinks it's better to have the gas jet turned low of a Sunday night when her beau's there. She wisely believes that one "flame" in the room is enough at a time.

INSTRUCTOR IN ASTRONOMY. "And now, young gentlemen, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of planets—the champion planet, so to speak, of our solar system?"
STUDENT. "I can, Sir. It's Saturn."
INSTRUCTOR. "And how's that, pray?"
STUDENT. "Why, because he carries the belt."

"And the iron entered my sole," said Grayhead, as he pulled the tack out of the bottom of his slipper.

The play was at its height in the card-room of a well-known club, and from a distant corner was heard: "We are two to two." "By Jove! we are two to two too," responded a player at an adjoining table. No wonder that a German there present likened our language to a French-horn.

Shakspeare says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody states that he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

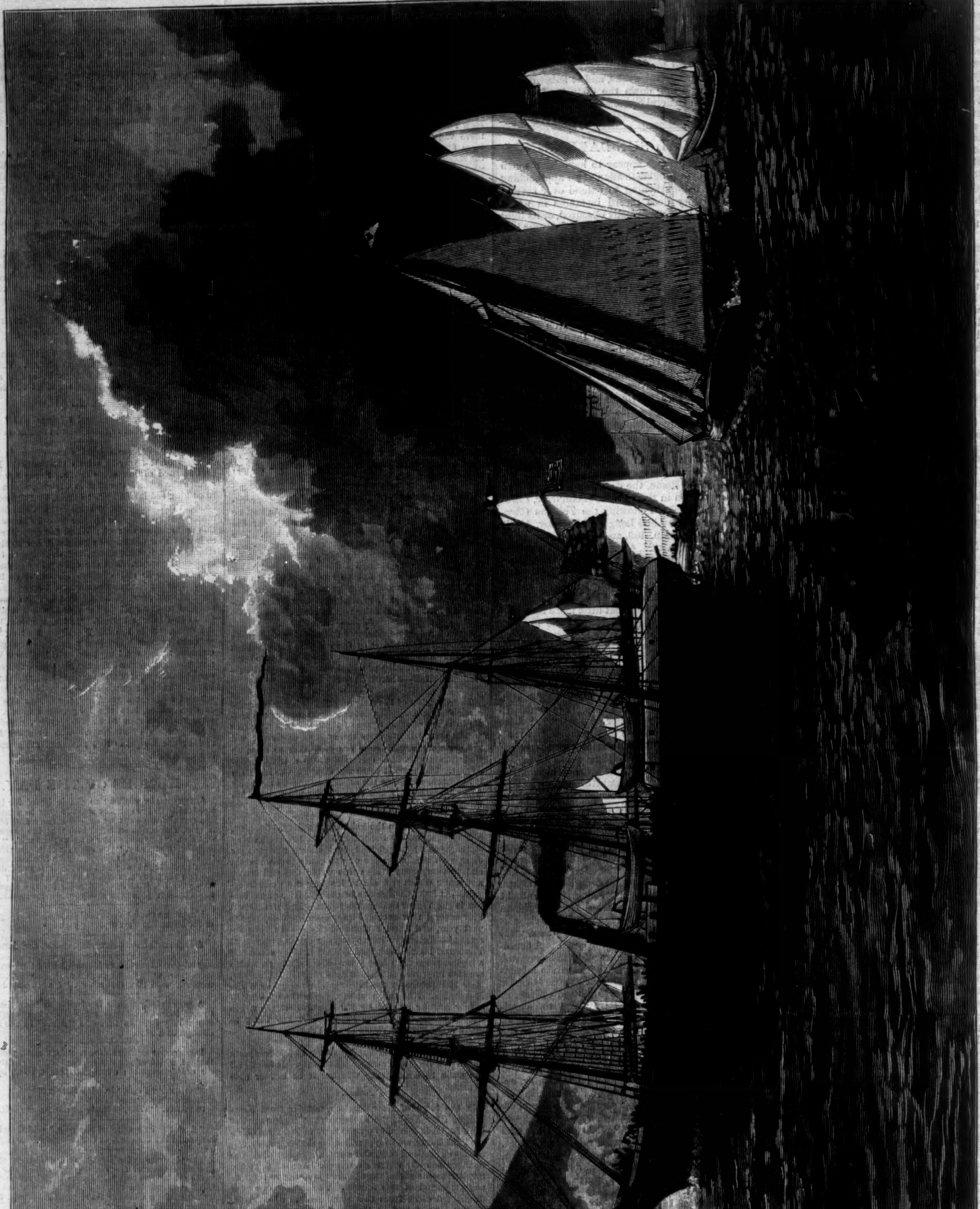
IRISH DRILL-SERGEANT (*to a squad of militia-men*). "Prisint arms!" (*Astonishing result.*) "Hivens! what a 'prisint!' Just stip out here now and look at yersilves!"

"Father, what is an Israelite?" "My son, an Israelite is a rich Jew." "And what is a Jew, father?" "A poor Israelite."

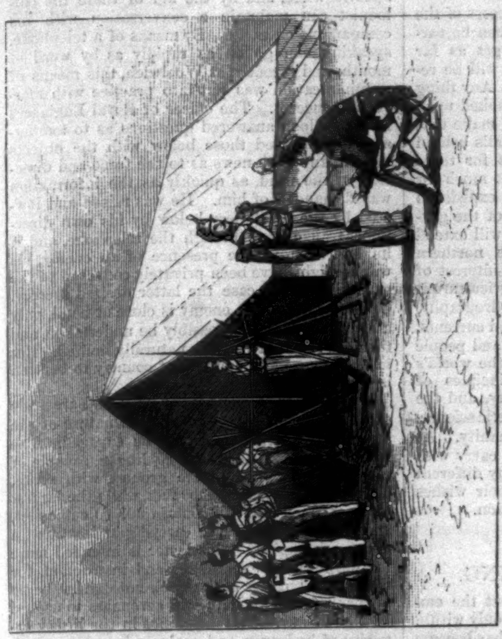
The late Baron James Rothschild used to tell, with great delight, about an old clerk who called upon him one day to get a leave of absence for a few days and a month's salary in advance. "It will be a great accommodation to me," he said, "and I won't forget it." The baron granted his request unhesitatingly; whereupon the clerk squeezed his hand warmly, saying: "You are a Christian, you are; I'll do as much for you next time."

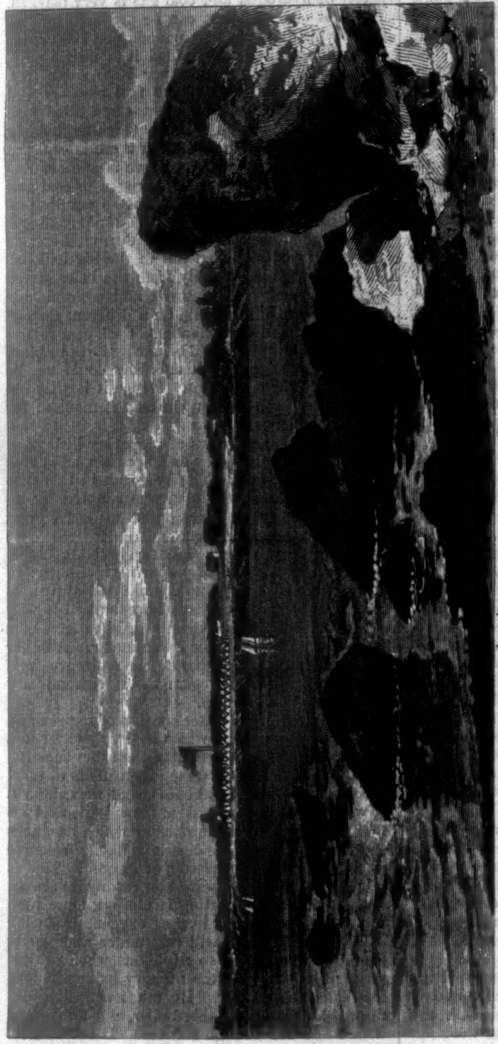
Shyly he bent o'er the dainty head,
And, "Won't you; won't you?"
He softly said,
Begging from the saucy miss—
Just for the loan of one sweet kiss.

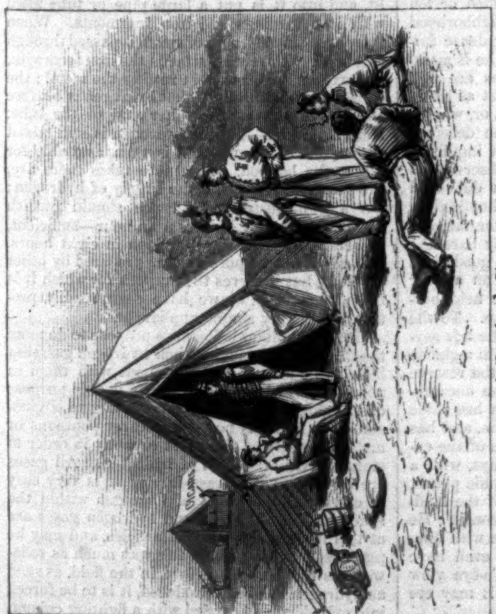
The maiden tossed her pretty head
And, "No, I won't you,"
She saucily said.
"How foolish he is!" thought the little miss:
"He should not ask for, but steal, the kiss."

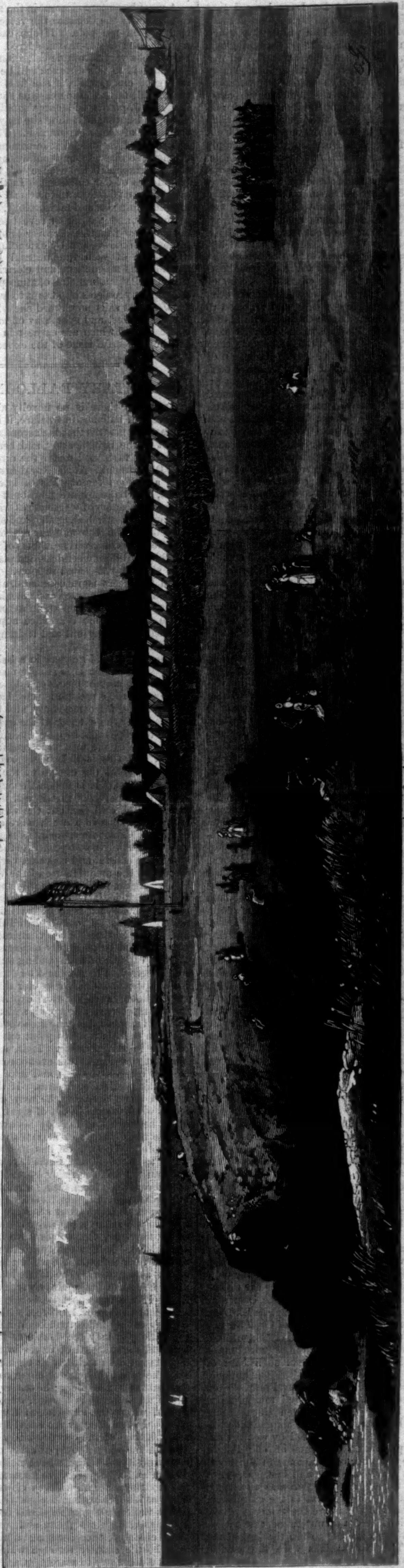


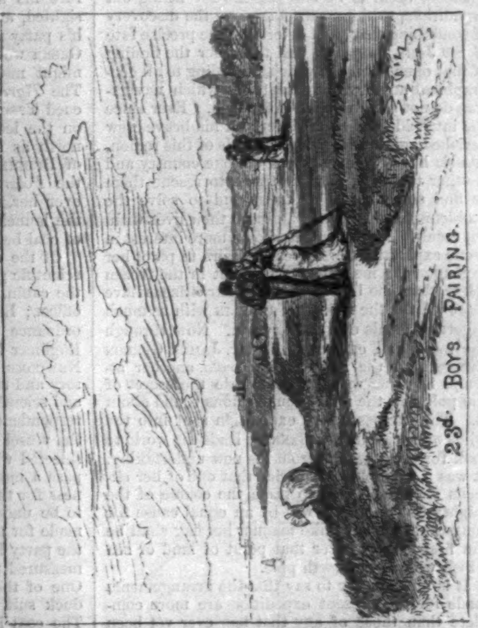
OFF FOR THE ARCTIC REGIONS—THE "JEANNETTE" LEAVING THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by Jules Tavernier.—[See Page 590.]

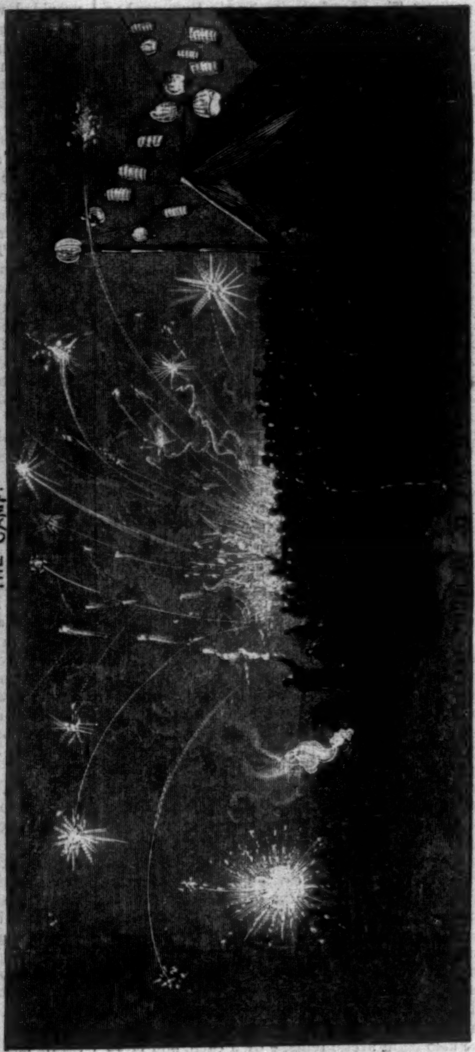

Guard and Guard Tent.

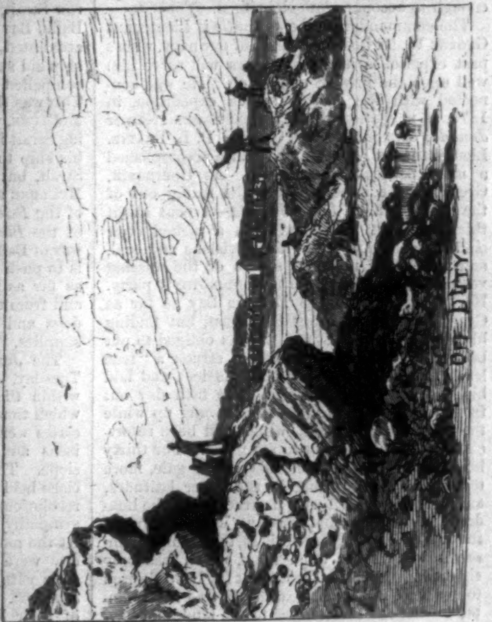

View of Camp from the Beach.


A Private's Tent.


The Camp.


23d. Boys Pairing.




Off Duty.

THE TWENTY-THIRD AT NEWPORT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 587.]

SEEKING THE NORTH POLE.

THERE seem to be two reasons for fitting out expeditions to the north pole—one the discovery of something that shall determine the precise fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and the other the finding of that open polar sea which, according to all geographical analogy, may exist, but which navigators do not seem to be able to reach. Ever since the intrepid English explorer and his brave crew perished amid the terrible ice fields of this region, vessels have been sent out from one country and another to follow in their track, to rescue them or find some traces of them, and to solve the problems to which they sacrificed their lives without result. No nation has shown more interest in arctic exploration, or a greater desire to plant her flag upon the most northerly point in the frozen waste, than the United States. Our citizens have searched for the missing FRANKLIN with as much eagerness as his own countrymen. Now, through the individual enterprise of Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, of the New York *Herald*, another attempt is being made to penetrate the secret of the pole and the mysterious regions round about it. The success of the expedition sent into the wilds of Africa by Mr. BENNETT leads the world to look for great results from his new undertaking. It was a triumph for America that one of her citizens should be first to trace the course of the mighty Congo, and it will be an equal cause for congratulation if in like manner her flag shall be the first to wave over that point of land or sea which we call the north pole.

It is unnecessary to say that the arrangements made for the present expedition are more complete than those of any that has ever yet been sent out. The vessel chosen by Mr. BENNETT has already proved her fitness for the task by several months' experience in the polar seas. Under the name of the *Pandora* she left Portsmouth, England, on the 28th of June, 1875, and returned to the same port on the 16th of October, her voyage occupying 101 days, or a little over fourteen weeks. The vessel, of which we give a faithful representation on page 588, was built at Pembroke, in England, in the government dockyards, and has a wooden hull of 146 feet long by 25 feet 8 inches beam. She is fitted with two direct acting horizontal engines of 32-inch cylinders and 18-inch stroke each, and is bark-rigged, having three masts. Mr. BENNETT purchased the vessel from the English government, and changed her name to that of *Jeannette*, after his sister. She has been made an American vessel by act of Congress, and has been thoroughly overhauled to prepare her for her long voyage. In the hold there have been placed three large double trusses, with a stanchion in the centre, and hanging knees, each beam being 10 by 12 inches. The trusses are shaped in the form of an X turned sideways, with the hanging knees reaching from the deck down to the keelson. These have been put in with the view of resisting the largest jam of ice they may encounter. Besides the trusses on each side of the vessel, there have been put on seven strakes of ceiling, each strake being a foot wide and about four inches in thickness, of the strongest wood for the purpose that could be procured. She carries an extra donkey pump, two auxiliary pumps, and a distilling apparatus capable of distilling 500 gallons of water per day. On each side of the boilers are coal-bunkers, and in these and the hold she can stow 160 tons of coal. On the spar-deck is rigged a hoisting engine to be used for warping purposes. The cabin is tastefully arranged, and has been padded all around the inside with a heavy thickness of felt. The poop deck has been covered with three thicknesses of heavy canvas and painted. The forecastle has also been lined with three inches of felt, and berths built to accommodate thirty-six men, a larger number than the vessel carries. Two extra propellers will be carried, in case of accident, and a complete outfit of machinists' tools and stock, to be used in case of accident to the machinery. A roof has been put over the deck, and is so constructed that it can be easily taken down in summer weather, the beams being mortised and fastened together with screw-bolts. The ship is provided with one folding boat that can be used on runners or in the water. There are also eight arctic tents, 6 by 9 each, and large enough to accommodate eight men.

The commander of the *Jeannette* is Lieutenant GEORGE W. DE LONG, an officer of our navy, whose past experience in arctic waters will serve him well upon the present expedition. He was connected with the *Polaris* search expedition, in 1873, as navigator of the United States steamer *Juniata*, commanded by Captain D. L. BRAINE. Lieutenant DE LONG on that cruise accomplished a most perilous undertaking. At Upernavik, Greenland, he superintended the fitting out of the steam-launch *Little Juniata*—a boat about thirty-five feet long—and with a picked crew clad in seal-skins, and with provisions and coal, started further north in search of the missing vessel *Polaris* and Captain BUDDINGTON's party. He attempted to cross Melville Bay as far as Cape York by hugging the coast, but finding himself obstructed by ice, he was obliged to put back several times. He finally struck a "true lead" (a channel-way through the ice), and laid his course for Cape York. The fifth day out from the vessel a terrific gale sprang up while the boat was under sail, which had been resorted to the day previous to save fuel. For thirty hours they battled with this arctic gale, more terrible than any thing in the lower latitudes, and were threatened with destruction by the hundreds of toppling and crashing icebergs around them. When the gale subsided, they found themselves in sight of Cape York, which was only eight miles distant. Lieutenant DE LONG desired to push on in further search; but as it was impossible to get over the ice to the land, and having imperative orders from Captain BRAINE to return when the fuel was half consumed, there was no alternative but to go back. The day before his arrival at Upernavik the *Tigress* was sighted, and Lieutenant DE LONG begged that his party might be taken on board; but Captain GREER would not accede to a proposition which might mean a division of any resultant glory. The *Tigress*, which, as a merchantman, had rescued TYSON's party after its miraculous journey on the ice-floe, and which was now proceeding north as a government vessel, found the camp of BUDDINGTON's party at Littleton Island, and the *Polaris* sunk, with two icebergs stranded over her, near by. DE LONG wanted to fit out the launch for a second attempt, but the supply of coal being short, it was not deemed advisable.

Of the officers of the *Jeannette*, including the scientific gentlemen and the ice pilot, who occupy the cabin, there are Lieutenant CHIPP, executive officer; Lieutenant DANENHOWER, navigating and ordnance officer; Dr. AMBLER, surgeon; Chief Engineer MELVILLE; Ice Pilot DUNBAR; and Mr. NEWCOMB, collector of specimens of natural history and taxidermist; Mr. COLLINS, meteorologist and scientific observer; and a *Herald* special correspondent. Including the officers, the crew of the vessel numbers thirty-two, each having been selected with the greatest care, and required to pass a medical examination to determine his fitness for the hardships that will necessarily have to be undergone. Every arrangement has been made for the comfort of the crew. Each man of the party has three suits of clothes, having been measured for them, so as to obtain a perfect fit. One of them is a heavy brown copper-fastened duck suit, lined throughout with gray blanket. The coat is made after the Ulster pattern, and provided with a number of pockets, and broad belt to strap around the waist. Another suit, which is intended for dress-parade, is the regulation blue naval uniform, the trousers being wide at the bottoms, the shirt being double back, with broad collar. The cap is the regulation style, and black neck-tie. The third suit is made of black oil-skin, and comprises pea-jacket, pantaloons, and sou'wester. The Alaska Fur Company some time ago presented the expedition with a complete outfit of fur clothing, which, of course, will be made use of. Every man is provided with a pair of heavy blue blankets, mattress, and pillows. This will insure the comfort of the men, and protect them from the bitter cold which they will experience.

The course to be pursued by the *Jeannette* will be different from that hitherto taken by any vessel designed for a voyage of scientific exploration. All other expeditions in search of an open polar sea have been by way of Baffin Bay. This vessel will proceed by way of Behring Strait. There have been several previous voyages to the arctic circle by this route, but their object was the discovery of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and not the exploration of an unknown portion of the globe. Very little is known of the region north of Behring Strait, except the outlines of Asia and America, which form the southern coast-line of the Arctic Ocean. For convenience we may designate the part of the ocean north of the strait as Behring Sea—a name by which it is known to American whalers. In this sea there are a few small islands and a tongue of land, the latter being designated in old maps as "Wrangell Land," and in more recent ones as "Kellett Land." What nobody knows, and the voyage of the *Jeannette* should determine, is whether this tongue of land is part of a moderately large island, or the southern extremity of a great polar continent. Drawing a line due north from the opening of Behring Strait, the easterly coast of Kellett Land, so far as known, is on a nearly parallel line, about ten degrees to the westward, *i. e.*, it runs north and south. Consequently the whole of Kellett Land as yet laid down on the map is north of the north-eastern extremity of Asia. If this land is part of an arctic continent, we may suppose, judging from the shape of other continents and of Greenland, that it widens as we go northward. In that case it would, in a higher latitude than has yet been explored, trend easterly so as to form a northern boundary to Behring Sea. Such a coast-line might, and probably would, block progress by water to the northward. So far, no vessel in pursuing arctic exploration through Behring Strait has succeeded in passing around the Barrow Strait, from which there is a ready course to Baffin Bay and the Atlantic. This feat was often attempted in former years, and the crew of one ship did succeed in getting round, being, however, compelled to abandon their vessel to its fate. This was the *Investigator*, commanded by Captain MCCLURE, which vessel passed through the Behring Strait in 1850. MCCLURE succeeded in taking his ship to a point within sixty miles of Barrow Strait, but was there obliged to abandon her. MCCLURE and his party were rescued by the crew of the *Resolute*, which, two years after the sailing of the *Investigator*, entered the Arctic Ocean by way of Baffin Bay. The plan of Captain DE LONG is to push into the ice-floes north of Cape Barrow as far as the *Jeannette* can possibly be worked, and from that point to continue the journey with dogs and sleds, using the vessel as a base of supplies.

The *Jeannette* sailed from San Francisco on Tuesday, July 8, having lingered many weeks within the harbor of the Golden Gate, during which time her commander and his gallant associates were honored and feasted by wealthy citizens and prominent residents of our Pacific slope. The Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco held a special meeting, and drafted a set of resolutions, the object of which was to extend sympathy and encouragement to the expedition. At the moment of departure the wharves of the city were lined, and the waters of the harbor alive with vessels waiting to see the last of the *Jeannette*. The leave-takings were the saddest of their kind, for the gallant crew go to meet dangers of every description, and perhaps death. Every one of the crew, however, seemed full of hope, and prophecies of a glad return were expressed on every side.

A most important element in the success of the expedition is the distance the vessel can be carried toward the pole. If she can get as far north as the eighty-second degree, it will be regarded as a very favorable condition. Any thing she can add to this distance will be looked upon as a good omen, while, if she fails to make that point, difficulties will increase as she falls behind it. The *Jeannette* will carry supplies for three years, and during that time she may do much for the cause of arctic exploration. The expedition has received the official indorsement of the government, so that as a national work it will extend the geographical knowledge of the northern boundaries of our continent. In the interest of commerce, navigation, and national agriculture it may determine laws of meteorology, hydrography, astronomy, and gravitation, reveal ocean currents, develop new fisheries, discover lands and people hitherto unknown, and by extending the world's knowledge of such fundamental principles of earth-life as magnetism and electricity, and the various collateral branches of atmospheric science, solve great problems important to humanity. As the *Jeannette* sails northward she will carry with her the interest and sympathy of many different classes, all of which are earnest in their wishes for the successful issue of the expedition.

MILITARY BALLOONING.

ALTHOUGH there is no novelty about the employment of balloons in warfare, it is only within the last few months that the aeronaut has become a part of the British army, and aerial machines have been fashioned under the direction of the War Department. At the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich a balloon factory has of late been established, and balloons are now built in the same huge manufactory of war *matériel* with ponderous cannon and death-dealing shot and shell. At this moment the English military authorities possess a whole series of aerial machines of various sizes, suitable for different services, and placed in charge of a staff of red-coated sappers. A captain of Royal Engineers is in command, and the whole balloon equipment—men and machines—is in the hands of Captain Templar, an aeronaut of experience, to whom the War-office appears to have confided the fitting out and training of the new Balloon Corps.

There is little of mystery in a balloon factory. To make a balloon it is simply necessary to cut out and join certain pieces of fabric. A valve at the apex of the structure is provided to allow the gas to escape when necessary, and a netting distributed over the exterior of the sphere serves to attach the ropes that support the car. The fabric in the case of the war balloons is not silk, but calico; and this is thoroughly coated with varnish to prevent the escape of the gas confined in the balloon. It is difficult enough to make a fabric so impervious that it will not permit the exudation of coal gas, but the war balloons are required to keep in a much more subtle body—hydrogen. This latter, the lightest gas with which we are acquainted, will penetrate the finest pores, and hence careful and repeated varnishing is necessary in the manufacture of the Woolwich balloons. Again, while buoyancy is imperative in an aerial machine, it is of the utmost importance that a balloon that is to be carried about in the field, that may be roughly handled by soldiers, and has to go through the vicissitudes of a campaign, should be as solidly constructed as possible, and capable of withstanding wear and tear in some degree. The car must be somewhat stronger and the ropes rather stouter than in an ordinary balloon, for in war-time captive ascents are for the most part attempted, and these strain a balloon far more than any free voyage.

There is little need to point out the uses of a balloon in campaigning. It is, as every body knows, the object of the enemy to mask his attack as much as he can, and take his opponent as far as possible unawares. If the country is wooded and undulating, he may dispose of his forces without trouble, out of sight, and it is only when he begins to develop his attack that one by one the divisions or brigades make their appearance. Whether he has 10,000 men or ten times as many in the immediate neighborhood you can not tell, for rising ground or dense forest prevents you from seeing whether he is massing or withdrawing his forces. Spies are well enough in their way, but spies are just as likely to be in the enemy's pay as your own, or, what is worse, they may themselves have been deceived and misled. In any case you can not implicitly rely on their information, while the observations of an aeronaut may be trusted and depended upon. A scout in the air is worth a hundred on foot. If the neighborhood is not mountainous, an ascent of 500 or 1000 feet will lay bare the country twenty miles round. With a good glass the balloonist may see double as far on a clear day, and the disposal of forces in the neighborhood is set out as clearly as on a map. To the right he sees a brigade of horse, to the left several batteries of artillery; he observes at a glance where the infantry is massed, where the reserve is, and where the site chosen for the encampment. In ten minutes the aerial scout has made a rough map of the country below him, and has filled in the whereabouts of every one of the enemy's positions. Nay, more: nowadays, with a camera and highly sensitive photographic plates, the scout may secure a dozen views of the landscape at his feet in almost as many seconds. He brings these photographic plates down with him, develops and prints them, and may even have them enlarged, thus securing a bird's-eye view of a hostile country through which it may ere long be necessary to march.

If time presses, the aeronaut need not descend to convey his news to those below. Wound round the rope that tethers the balloon are a couple of electric wires, and by the aid of these the balloonist can maintain a conversation with his companions on earth. By means of a telephone, speaking can go on as rapidly as by word of mouth, and recently, at Woolwich, this means of communication was put into practice with marvellous success. The officer of Royal Engineers in the balloon answered questions as to temperature, acquainted those below with the objects he saw, and gave news as to the force and direction of the wind, as quickly as the information was demanded of him. He was raised and lowered by the machinery below by his own directions, transmitted through the telephone, and if he had been in the presence of an enemy, his words might have been privately conveyed to the general's ear, in case the latter desired secrecy. Of course, when the enemy is close at hand, only a captive ascent can possibly be undertaken, and then the range of vision is naturally limited. But in a free voyage the extent of country to be seen is very wide.

The military balloons, it has been said, are made of different sizes, according to the nature of the service on which they are to be engaged. The smallest balloon, filled with hydrogen, capable of raising one man from the ground, with ropes, ballast, etc., measures 8000 feet, while the largest made at Woolwich will contain 60,000 cubic feet, and would be capable of carrying at least half a dozen passengers. This latter is intended more for purposes of experiment and instruction, for there would, under ordinary circumstances, be no occasion for more than two aeronauts to ascend in time of war. The difference in the lifting capacity of hydrogen and coal gas is very marked. The best coal gas that can be prepared for balloons will lift about fifty pounds per 1000 cubic feet, while hydrogen, provided it is nearly pure, will raise seventy pounds per 1000 cubic feet. So that if a balloon of 8000 feet capacity will lift a man and his equipment when filled with hydrogen, we should want a machine holding not less than 11,000 feet when there is coal gas only at our disposal. But there is another reason why the soldiers prefer hydrogen to coal gas, namely, because the latter is not so readily prepared in the field, away from coal dépôts and gas-holders. It was all very well during the siege of Paris to employ coal gas in the big balloons that went up almost daily from the beleaguered capital, because both material and conveniences were at hand, but it would be a different matter, say, in Zululand or Ashantee. Coal, and retorts wherein to burn it, would be hardly forth-coming, and to carry these with an army could not be thought of for a moment. Hence it is that hydrogen has been fixed upon as the medium for military balloons.

There are several ways of preparing hydrogen. One method, a very easy one, is to act upon zinc with sulphuric acid. The hydrogen in this case is nearly pure, and the plan was adopted for inflating the monster balloon that made frequent ascents last year during the Paris International Exhibition. But there are two weighty objections to this method of preparing hydrogen: in the first place, heavy and complicated apparatus is necessary, and the cost of preparation is very great. The Paris hydrogen is said to have cost no less than a franc per cubic meter. Another simple method is to separate the hydrogen from steam, and this is the plan the British military authorities have chosen.

We all know that water consists of oxygen and hydrogen; and steam, which is simply water in a state of vapor, has obviously the same constituents. If we can rob steam, then, of its oxygen, the hydrogen remains behind, and we can in a few words show how the military balloonist attempts to get over the obstinacy which combines the two elements. He does it by having recourse to a body which is greedy of oxygen. This is iron. Every body is aware how readily iron rusts, and the process of rusting is nothing more than the absorption by the iron of oxygen, producing oxide of iron. Iron will rust under almost any conditions, but never so readily as when subject to warm vapor. So the military balloonist lays his plans accordingly. He takes with him into the field a small portable boiler, and the wherewithal to build a rough furnace. The furnace is lit, and into it is put a large pipe or tube filled with iron turnings and iron fragments. When thoroughly heated, a jet of steam is passed through this tube. The steam attacks the iron forthwith, and oxygen is absorbed in rusting the metal; the consequence naturally is that hydrogen is set free and passes out at the other end of the tube. Here it is dried—for the hydrogen is still mixed with a lot of steam—and is then available for filling the balloon. The more tubes there are, the greater, obviously, is the supply of hydrogen; but a well-constructed furnace should furnish 1000 cubic feet of hydrogen an hour—sufficient, therefore, to fill a small balloon in eight hours. The gas is not so pure as that prepared by other methods, but it serves the purpose for which it is intended, and is, as we have seen, readily produced with very simple appliances.

But the military balloonists propose to do more than this. After making their hydrogen gas, they hope to be able to carry it about with them in pontoons, which would serve the double purpose of bridging and ballooning, according to circumstances. There is no need to carry pontoons or metal cylinders of 8000 feet capacity in order to store therein 8000 feet of hydrogen. All gases are capable of compression, and it is very easy to carry ten cubic feet of hydrogen within the space of one. Oxygen and hydrogen gases are at this moment commercial articles, and may be purchased compressed in this way much as soda-water is bottled. Therefore, in the field, as soon as hydrogen has been produced, it is to be forced into cylinders, and carried with a fighting column in the same way as telegraphic, surveying, photo-

graphic, and other equipment is borne. As was said at the beginning of this article, military ballooning is no novelty; it is only under the improved condition of things just pointed out that the aeronaut can claim to be a pioneer. The French formed a company of *ingénieurs aérostatiers* in 1793, and made use of them to some effect in the following year at the battle of Fleurus. The balloon was inflated in the nearest town, then carried along the roads by the engineers by means of guy-ropes. On the eve of the battle in question some French officers mounted into the air, and were able successfully to take note of the movements of the Austrians. Subsequent attempts to employ balloons by the Russians in 1812 did not prove so successful. In this case the aeronauts proposed to carry up with them incendiary projectiles, and to let these drop upon the French army, but the scheme was a failure. Since then little has been done in Europe in military ballooning until the Franco-German war, when aeronauts left Paris almost daily to convey news beyond the German lines. From the 23d September to the 28th January no less than sixty-six huge balloons departed from the French capital, navigated for the most part by sailors of the Marine, who had been hastily trained as aeronauts. The post-bags were carried by these aerial machines as regularly almost as by the ordinary mail. Invested as Paris was by the enemy, only five were taken, while three others were lost at sea. One balloon travelled to Christiania, in Norway, in thirteen hours, right across the North Sea; its passengers made the quickest voyage ever accomplished, having travelled on an average something like seventy miles an hour. Altogether 161 persons quitted Paris by this route, while upward of 3,000,000 letters were dispatched by *la poste aérienne*. These Paris balloons, which generally started at night, so as to be out of sight of the investing enemy by daybreak, measured on an average 2000 cubic meters, and were therefore much larger than English war balloons.

FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Mr. Paul Bradford, a tall, lean, dark gentleman of forty-five, picked his way through a side street of the metropolis one night, and started with glad surprise when he saw a cab hurry away from the door he was about to open with his key. He had lived in this house off and on for over twenty years before Mr. Dunbar, the owner, died, and when Mr. Dunbar's daughter Elinor was a mere girl. Paul was an accountant in Mr. Dunbar's office, and having no family or friends in the city, had found a home with his employer. Even at that time a season of commercial depression and some unlucky ventures had straitened Mr. Dunbar's means, and deepened the ruts of care between his eyebrows, and made his manner rougher, and his voice gruffer. The board of young Paul Bradford became a very acceptable addition to the weekly allowance of Mrs. Dunbar; it bought many a pretty furbelow for little Miss Nelly, and saved her mother many a troublesome encounter with her liege lord, who sternly declared he had no money to spare for ribbons and gewgaws, which, indeed, was the truth.

But Miss Elinor was now in her seventeenth year, and ribbons and gewgaws were as needful for her well-being as her daily food. What in the world these two women would have done without that money from Paul they could not conceive. It was impossible to discern any difference in the house expenses with or without Paul. There was plenty of room for him; the same light and fire and food did for him as for the rest; so that the precious money seemed altogether extra, and like a boon from heaven to Mrs. Dunbar. She was naturally an affectionate woman, and her heart went out to the young man in gratitude. She taught Elinor to look upon him as their common benefactor, and the sincere and honest wheedling of these two gentle creatures warmed the heart of Paul, and charmed many an extra five-dollar bill from his pocket in their behalf. Shortly after pay-day there was always to be seen some new trinket about Nelly's pretty person that betrayed the generous giver. Paul had plenty of money after that little sum was given to Mrs. Dunbar, and what more natural than for him to ask Miss Elinor to take a walk down the avenue to get some bonbons? and the shop windows being all aglow with glittering merchandise, what more natural than for the pretty maiden to clap her hands and utter little musical shrieks of admiration? The end of it was that Paul went home with his purse lightened as well as his heart; but the best of it was that when pay-day came again the one could be made heavy, while the other remained light. The young lady grew prettier and prettier with each day that came to her, and it was not to be expected that Mr. Bradford was the only appreciative person in that vicinity. A young gentleman upon the block below, who had once been a school-mate of Nelly's, and who now attended the same dancing academy, was known to be wildly in love with her. But he was only a lad of nineteen; his mother was a widow, and kept a boarding-house for a living, so of course there could be nothing serious in that attachment; and it really was convenient for Nelly to have somebody to go with her to the dancing academy and to the little parties about the neighborhood. Paul was twenty-five years old, exceedingly grave and decorous for his age, and while he held these juvenile recreations for others in high esteem, he had no desire for them himself. So time went by; Paul bought the ribbons and trinkets for the dancing lessons, and Nelly and young Harry Haver waltzed away many happy nights at the academy. On one of these occasions Elinor was putting the last touches to her toilet, and young Haver was waiting in the parlor, when a cry of dismay came up from the dining-room, and Elinor, rushing down the stairs, met Paul coming up. He caught her in his arms and carried her back to her room again.

"Don't come down, Nelly," he said, gravely. "Your father is very ill; I am going for the doctor. Don't come down, dear, till I get back."

When he got back with the doctor, he found Nelly bending over the white, rigid lips that never again would growl about bills, or discounts, or extravagances. It was quite natural that one of her little hands should be clasped in her mother's, but the other one was held just as affectionately by young Haver, who stood there by Nelly's side. He was only a lad, and evidently quite overcome by the sudden calamity. His face was pale, and tears were running down his cheeks. It would not do, of course, to speak harshly to the boy, but Paul felt that it was no place for him.

"You'd better go home, Harry," he said, kindly. "It is best that no strangers should be here just now."

"Strangers!" repeated the lad, flinging a fierce look upon Paul; but Nelly whispered in his ear, and pushed him gently away. Harry went, without another word; and there was something in the boy's face that made Paul follow him.

"It is so much better they should be alone," said Paul.

"Are you going to stay out too?" said Harry.

"Yes," replied Paul.

"Oh!" said Harry; and there was a world of meaning in that little monosyllable. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Bradford, but I thought you singled me out as a stranger, you know, and I ain't. I never can be. I—I'm so very sorry for Nelly!"

"So am I," said Paul, gravely.

"I—I love Nelly," blurted out the poor lad. "I love her better than any body in the world."

"So do I," said Paul, gravely; and as Harry stood there upon the sill, he gently shut the door.

Paul was pale enough himself when he went back to the two bereaved women. He had left the love of yonder lad upon the door-step to cool, but what about his own? Surely it had served long enough. Nelly and her mother would need a protector now. Mr. Dunbar's business affairs could not well be concealed from his accountant; he knew he would have the winding up of the whole concern in his hands, and he prayed fervently that God would so deal with him as he would with these two dear women left to his mercy. A secret delight beset him that they were so dependent upon him—a delight he could not well conceal. He wanted all for himself—all the joy and sorrow, all the care and perplexity, all the sweet incense of gratitude and love.

When the sad ceremony was over, and the shutters were opened so that more light could be thrown upon the legal affairs of the deceased, and the two women, in their black dresses, stood tremblingly by the big grim safe where the sacred papers that had been as dear to the dead man as the apple of his eye were jostled rudely about by the lawyers, and it was found that when all was paid there would be but a plain maintenance for the widow and her child, Paul drew the weeping girl close to his side, and took Mrs. Dunbar's hand in his own. "I am here," he said; "I will take care of you."

Then the people that were present went away, remarking what a providential thing it was, and how every thing was held in the hollow of a wise but unseen hand. Some of them went back to tea the next night to console poor Mrs. Dunbar, and others went the night after, and Mrs. Dunbar wept, but was consoled as the days went by. In her husband's time there was very little tea-drinking of a neighborly sort, and nobody dropped in of an evening. Mr. Dunbar's manner was severe to austerity, and not calculated to encourage the little amenities of life. Night after night he sat by the big grim safe, never throwing a word to poor Mrs. Dunbar, who heard nothing hour in and hour out but the rustling of the dreadful papers, the hard breathing of her lord and master, and the doleful ticking of the clock.

No wonder the poor lady took heart and brightened even as she wept. The tea-kettle sang fearlessly now upon the brass hob of the grate, and Mrs. Dunbar fattened upon the mild beverage. Her comely face put off many a wrinkle, and her friends declared that nobody would believe she could have a daughter old enough to be married. For it became settled that Paul should have the little maiden shortly for his wife. He had not pressed his suit with Nelly, an intuitive fear restraining him, but the widow and her friends had settled it all. Nelly made no complaint; she went about, pale and listless, took long solitary walks, coming back all unstrung and hysterical; but the neighbors declared it was only natural. The poor child had suffered a shock; time would do every thing—time and getting married, they added, nodding their heads, and taking more cups of tea.

Paul began to be vaguely uneasy, he scarcely knew why, and secretly hurried on the simple preparations for the marriage. Nelly was but a child, he thought, and had a child's fear for the future. Once safe upon his heart, his own forever, he would make her life again one long summer sunshine. His own somewhat wearied heart basked in the sweet anticipation, and the brief barrier of time that lay between fretted his longing soul.

Scarcely a fortnight before the ceremony was to take place. Paul had been late at the office, a queer ganglion of his nerves stretching homeward, and quivering over a cold apprehension, hard to define. He shut up the book at last, and went speedily through the familiar streets, where the lamps began to glimmer through the fog of a November night. A cab recklessly turned the corner in his direction; a shout from the driver brought the pale face of a woman to the window; the swinging lamp threw a flickering ray over features that seemed to Paul strangely like—wonderfully like— He crossed to the curb, thinking confusedly over it, stopped, turned. The cab was hurrying on. Paul began to run after it, increasing his speed with every step. His blood began to grow warm, his heart to grow savage, in the intensity of the chase; the tension of his nerves never gave way, nor did his pace slacken, till the cab stopped at a down-town wharf, where a South American ship had taken her last freight. A little tug-boat was sputtering close by; a voice from the deck shouted, "All aboard!" Two figures hurried out of the cab, both slight and young, the one supporting the other. But when Paul stood out from the gloom of the wharf, confronting them, the lad drew himself up proudly, and put his arm about his companion. "She is mine," he cried, in his high husky voice; "we are married, Mr. Bradford; it's useless to come prowling after us now."

"Great God! Nelly, is it *you*?" said Paul, almost doubting his senses, as he saw the sweet face taking shape under his eyes.

"Yes, it is I," she replied, "and this is Harry Haver, that you put out the door that night."

Harry's slim form began to tremble with excitement and the chill wind that blew from the black turgid water beyond. His blonde locks blew about his handsome eyes. "We are married, Sir," he cried again.

They seemed such absolute children to Paul! There was no room for wrath in the heart that throbbed up in his throat: the utter frustration of the moment brought hot tears to his eyes. These melted the heart of the obdurate girl, and she left Harry's side to run to Paul.

"Oh, don't! please don't!" she said. "If you do, I shall break down. Please comfort mamma—take care of mamma—"

"All aboard!" shouted the voice from the deck.

"Stand aside, Sir," cried Harry to Mr. Bradford. "Let her go. Come, Nelly, come."

She stood one moment irresolute, went on a step or two with Harry, then ran back to the motionless figure of Bradford, lifted her arms to his neck, lay a half second upon his throbbing heart, struggled away again, and disappeared in the murky gloom of the wharf. The ship was already moving uneasily, the tug-boat sputtered out into the water, and the big black hulk moved slowly on. Paul walked after the receding ship like one in a dream; an ugly gap yawned before him; the thick green water below was covered with slime.

"Step back, my good fellow," said a stevedore, who had been watching him. "You can't call that 'ere water invitin', now, can you? You'd no sooner be into it than you'd be hollerin' to get out again, and I ain't in the same humor for a bath. I've seen such things afore."

But the man was mistaken. Paul had no idea of committing suicide. He was only regretting that he had not held Nelly when he had her in his arms, and taken her home again. She was married, to be sure, but that was an additional reason for preventing her from making further misery. Paul was naturally of a philosophic turn of mind, even his wretchedness was of the dogged, enduring kind. The cab that brought the young couple was still within call. Paul hailed it, and was soon on his way homeward. He abstained from asking any questions of the cabman. What was the use? Besides, an instinctive delicacy restrained him. An outgrowth of this feeling made him shiver when he put his weary head back upon the cushion of the cab, and found the faint odor of violets there. It was Nelly's favorite perfume, poor child!—poor reckless, foolish child! It was all over now. What a life she had chosen with that wild, ridiculous boy, whose neck he would like to wring! Why had he lost sight of the little serpent when he left him there upon the door-step? So many cares and anxieties had intervened, what room could there be for that yellow-haired boy?

Before the cab fairly stopped, Paul saw the confusion at the house. Lights were glancing to and fro. A woman came out upon the porch with a shawl thrown over her head.

"Here he is now," she said. "Oh, Mr. Bradford, something dreadful has happened! Nelly has run away with young Haver—he has an uncle in the South American trade."

Paul walked straight on through the hall. The sympathizing neighbor ran ahead to get a glimpse of his face. Was it pale? Contorted? Why, no; there wasn't much difference. He was always solemn and dark. The man hadn't any feeling, or else his feelings were well kept down. The sympathizing neighbor told her friends, who were waiting to hear how he had borne the shock, that it was her opinion he didn't feel it as much as the mother did. Mrs. Dunbar had gone from one fainting fit to another from the time she had read Nelly's note, but Mr. Bradford was as cool as an icicle, and had taken it upon himself to send Mrs. Dunbar's friends away, and wait on her himself. It began to be soon whispered about that Mr. Bradford would marry the widow. After all, she had the property, and was such a very young-looking woman for her age! Such things *had* happened. She took his arm when she went out with him, and he brought home flowers, just as he used to in Miss Nelly's time. A pot of violets could always be seen at the upper window.

A year went by—two years—five; then these two people, Mrs. Dunbar and Paul, were given up for more interesting subjects. Mr. Bradford was getting to be quite an old bachelor, and the widow's hair was streaked with gray. It was a monotonous life they led. Mr. Bradford went to business every morning, as usual, at the same old hour, and returned in the evening to a quiet dinner with Mrs. Dunbar. The night was spent with his newspaper, or a book, or magazine. At rare intervals he went to a theatre or concert, when Mrs. Dunbar generally accompanied him.

Interspersed with these little amusements were letters from South America—letters from a little sea-port where Nelly was charmed with the climate, and the little circle of society, in which she was evidently a favorite. Harry was engaged in the turpentine trade, and made long journeys into the interior. Mrs. Dunbar became interested in turpentine, the ramifications of which manufacture Paul was made to explain at length. But soon that subject was forgotten; another took its place. Letters came which Paul was not allowed to read—page after page, crossed and interlined, which Mrs. Dunbar read with increasing difficulty, as her sight was unreliable. Paul would look over his newspaper, and ask if he could assist her in any way; whereupon the widow would grow confused, and reply that she could not let him read Nelly's letters just now; they were of a private nature. Not that she had any secrets from Paul, but he was a man—

"An old humdrum fellow, that might as well be an old woman," pleaded Paul.

But Mrs. Dunbar shook her head. He was a man, and a single man.

"Which certainly is no fault of mine," said Paul, who was able now to joke about the past.

Well, this much she would tell him, that she was very anxious about Nelly—in that climate. She didn't know what might be the consequences: a fever might set in.

Paul said that Nature would take care of every thing, but went down town the next day with a weight at his heart, which grew heavier as the months went by. One day a letter came that Paul sacrificed the best business hours to bring home, that Mrs. Dunbar seized with avidity, and broke down at the first line. "It's a girl," she said, giving the letter to Paul, "and she's named it after you; she said she would all along."

Paul took the letter; his hand shook a little, and he found it hard at first to make out the weak, crooked lines. "I have called my baby Pauline, mamma," Nelly wrote. "It is a pretty name, and you will not think it strange, after all that I have told you."

Paul read these lines over and over again. He was not a curious man, but he would have been glad to know all that Nelly had told her mother. He held his newspaper that night at its usual length from his eyes, and it had the accustomed modicum of news; but the close little print consolidated into a broad black background whereon Paul saw nothing but the dreamy picture of a Madonna and Child.

This was the first year of Nelly's marriage. Three years later a boy was born to her, which barely lived a week. Other children followed, that scarcely survived their birth. Nelly's health had begun to fail, when it became necessary for them to move to the interior of the country, where Harry could better attend to his business. It was a primitive way of living, Nelly wrote, but one could get used to every thing.

"I've no doubt it's a thatched hut with an earthen floor," said Mrs. Dunbar. "I never expect to see my child again—never! What with the boa-constrictors, and centipedes, and scorpions, and fevers, and floods, and *every thing*, I never expect to see her again! I've no doubt she is suffering for the necessities of life."

Paul had reasons of his own for knowing that Nelly did not want for luxuries that money could buy. It was a place where money was of little avail, but comfortable sums had been sent to her at various times as her share of her father's estate. Paul had been compelled to give a fictitious rotundity to the amounts derived from this patrimony; it had scarcely sufficed for the wants of the widow, but she had not wanted, nevertheless. Paul was alone in the world. It had been his chiefest comfort to minister to the happiness of these two women. Why should he deny himself that pleasure now? Poor Harry had not been successful in his business ventures; one after another had failed. Nelly's letters began to be few and far between. In one of them she spoke of Pauline's beauty and grace.

"When I look at my sweet daughter," wrote Nelly, "I tremble. If any thing should befall her, I should die. She is like one of the fresh sweet violets I used to love. Her whole life is a sacrifice—to me, to her English neighbors, to the poor natives, even to her pet cockatoo and monkey. Harry is never here, and I am never well; the dear child's happiness consists in assuaging the miseries of others."

"She ought to send the child North," said poor Mrs. Dunbar. "If I could even have my granddaughter, Paul!"

"What would Nelly do without her?" said Paul, and turned upon his heel and walked away. How selfish old women were! Here was Mrs. Dunbar willing to rob her daughter of the one thing that made life endurable.

But the old lady yearned and fretted till her desire seemed to bring its own fruition. A malignant fever had broken out, and Nelly would send Pauline immediately North.

"Nelly will come too," cried Paul, his dark face beginning to glow.

"She will not leave her husband," said Mrs. Dunbar.

"Then let her bring him along," said Paul, who had always held poor Harry as a sort of auxiliary. Paul went out of the house with a light step and a lighter heart. It was settled now; they must all come North. He immediately wrote the only lines he had ever addressed to Harry Haver. Paul could only remember him as the proud, slender boy that stood upon the dock that night, with his yellow hair blown about his eyes. Those eyes were closed in death even as Paul wrote, and many a weary month went by of silence and anxiety. Just as Paul was casting about for time to go in search of them, a few almost illegible lines came from Nelly announcing their departure. Then more weary months were spent, and Paul's almost despairing heart leaped up within him when at last he saw that cab before the door.

It seemed only yesterday when another cab had crossed his path. It was November again; the street lamps were beginning to glimmer as they did twenty years ago, and the fog to thicken about him. The cab dashed by, but its sweet

burden was left here at the house before him—her mother's house, the same old place where she had been so happy long ago. Now she was there at last, with her child and—yes, her husband, poor Harry Haver. Ah, well! it was a sorry thing to leave him out upon the door-step with his heart in such a heat. Something must be done for the unfortunate boy. Paul felt his heart expanding as he stood there with the key in his hand. It was big enough to hold Harry with the rest. There was something quite in Haver's line of business that had come under his notice that day. He would speak of it at once, and get friends with the lad, so that no shadow should rest upon the threshold of this new great joy.

Paul opened the door with trembling fingers. A light shone from the parlor; a tall, slender girl stood there by the big stove rubbing her little hands together, as it seemed to Paul she did only yesterday—twenty years ago. There she stood, with the old starry eyes and the ripe red lips.

"Nell! Nell!" stammered Paul, catching both her little hands in his. But the girl drew back, and looked at the big bearded man with startled eyes.

A laugh came from the sofa—a laugh that turned into a sob. "That is Pauline, my daughter. People say she is like what I was long ago, when—when you— Oh, Paul!"

The voice was sweet yet, but hollow and thin. Was that Nell?—that wasted creature upon the lounge, with the big wistful eyes, the pale sunken face—was that Nell? Paul looked at her with so much yearning in his face that Nell covered her own with her hands.

"Don't, Paul," she said. "If you do, I shall break down."

The very words she had said on the old wharf. Paul took one stride over to the sofa, then stopped short. "Where is Harry?" he said, in a tone of constraint that he meant to be easy and natural. "I have a good berth waiting for Harry. He and I must be warm friends. Nelly, we must be happy yet."

Nell burst into loud sobs. "Harry is dead," she said—"dead of the dreadful fever, many horrible months ago."

"Dead!" said Paul, with an accent of horror. "Dead!" he repeated, with a softer inflection. A flush came into his face, which deepened and deepened, then suddenly fled, and left him pale again. A man can't help his thoughts, and those of Paul came so fast and thick they nearly stifled him. Then the young girl came into the room again with her grandmother, who could not take her eyes from the beautiful face.

"She's so like Nell was twenty years ago, isn't she, Paul?" said the old lady, with gloating eyes, leading the handsome creature straight to Paul's arms. "There, give her a kiss for her name," said the foolish, fond old lady.

The ripe red lips touched Paul's. A low, shivering cry came from the lounge. The old lady thought it only natural that Nelly should cry just now. Pauline began to cry too. But Paul understood. Paul knew the bitter loneliness, the craving, the unspeakable yearning. It was so plain to him. "Take Pauline out to supper," he said to the old lady; "I will bring Nelly."

The happy old lady carried her treasure away, but the poor pale creature on the lounge refused to go. "I want nothing," she said, "only to be left alone."

"Alone!" echoed Paul.

"Yes, alone. I am only a wreck. Paul, you and mamma have my old self in my sweet daughter. I am only a burden; let me die. Oh, my sweet daughter! God forgive me! what a miserable creature I am!"

Paul knelt down by her side. His face looked so dark beside Nell's; it was almost fierce in the intensity of feeling. A man can't help his words sometimes; those of Paul were like the tumultuous surging sea, they had been pent up so long. As he spoke, a faint color crept to Nell's wasted cheek. "Hush! hush!" she said, soothingly.

"Think of it," he went on. "Twenty long years to eat and drink and sleep, and have the one gnawing sense of loneliness and misery; to go out in the morning, and come back at night to the one monotonous, listless life, the unsatisfied longing, year in and year out, till twenty have come and gone! You had your husband, your children, your hours of joy. Even your hours of bitterness, your hours of agony, were sweet compared to mine."

"Hush! hush!" said Nelly, taking his trembling hands in her own. "Come, Paul, mamma is calling us to supper. How nice every thing looks!" she cried, looking about the old-fashioned dining-room. "See, Pauline, the old sideboard that I have described to you so often! See the pretty brass rings, and the brass hobs on the dear old glowing fire. Come to me, Pauline, just one little minute, dear."

Nell's sweet eyes were wet when she kissed Pauline: she could not forgive herself for her foolish jealousy.

"Let us say grace to-night," said Paul, from the head of the table, looking over the happy group. He had not been used to the simple ceremony, but he bent his head, and their hearts were full, and Paul's was happy for the first time in twenty years.

"'NELL! NELL!' STAMMERED PAUL."—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

THE DANCE OF THE VETERANS.
DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE, FROM A SKETCH BY LOUIS JOUTEL.—[SEE PAGE 594.]

IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

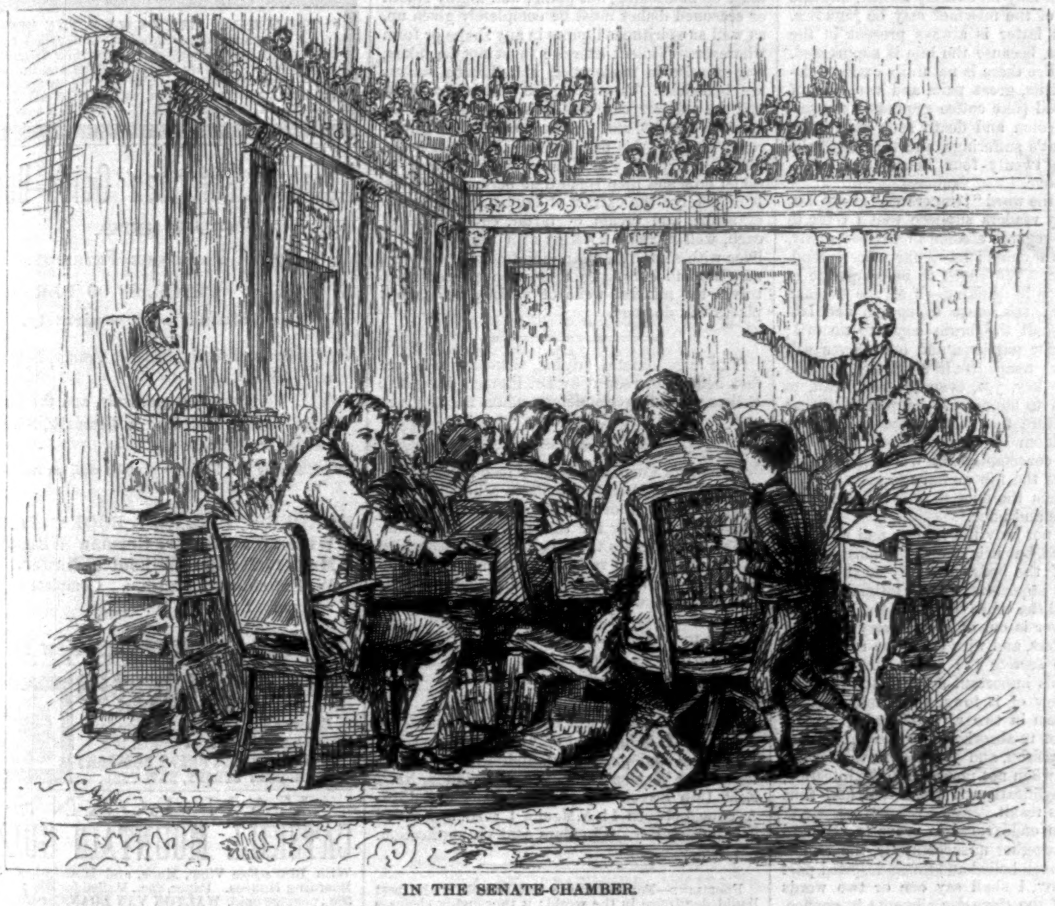
CHEYENNE VISITORS.

WASHINGTON SKETCHES.

FEW of its owners are aware how stately a structure is the Capitol Building at Washington, or at what immense cost it was erected. Many years of labor and millions of dollars in money have been expended in the work, and while the massive building is not without its faults, it is on the whole a magnificent pile. The old Capitol, from which the new wings are extended, was constructed of a sandstone from Acquia Creek, which is painted white—one of those economical artifices which are ultimately an extravagance, as the rains affect the stone badly, and it is constantly needing to be repainted. The extensions are of marble from Massachusetts and Maryland, of shining quality and particularly choice veining. The columns were all brought from their place of debarkation, it is said, after an exceedingly primitive method of rolling them along the ground with ropes; this being complained of at the time, it was found upon experiment that it was altogether the safest way of transporting them, as only those broke in which hidden flaws made it desirable that if they were going to break at all, they should do so before being set in their final places under the superincumbent weight of architrave and entablature. The dome, which was originally of wood, is now of cast iron, weighing more than four thousand tons, or eight million pounds: one can scarcely believe the enormous figures when catching the first glimpse of that light and airy ease with which it lifts its rich decorations into the sunshine: its foundations, however, are said to be adequate to a much heavier pressure. The ascent is up a winding flight of stairs between the outer and inner shells, and is a morning's journey; but once there, the climber hangs over a landscape that lies beneath, broadening away into mellow distances, overswept by sailing cloud-shadows, and threaded by the silver of the Potomac.

Our fair artist has given on this page a group of interesting sketches of what she saw in a day's stroll through the Capitol. The Senate-Chamber, where calm dignity sits enthroned, is in the opposite wing from that in which the Hall of Representatives is situated, and is much smaller. It is richly decorated and beautifully furnished. One of the distinguished Senators has the floor, and although he is speaking on an important subject, hardly any one save the visitors in the gallery is paying the slightest attention to what he is saying. The other members are either writing letters or conversing with each other. Occasionally some particularly bright or startling thing is said by the speaker, which for the time being attracts their attention, but it is only for the time being. Nor does this indifference seem to annoy the honorable Senator who has the floor. He is speaking to the "country," and cares very little whether any one else hears him or not.

The lobby of the Senate, with its lofty groined arches, covered by an arabesque of scrolls and floral suggestions in decorative plaster-work, is a busy place. During the session it is thronged with visitors who have their little schemes to urge, and who give the patient door-keepers no rest from morning till night. On the lower floor is the restaurant, where hungry law-makers find the choicest of refreshments at all hours of the day.



IN THE SENATE-CHAMBER.

LOBBYING.

Behind the rotunda, always dusty, dirty, thronged, and deafening with loud reverberations, is a different region, a charmed place, to which the rabble seldom penetrate, though open to one as to another, and which seems as if it could scarcely belong under the same roof. This is the Congressional Library, and it is a room which is three halls in one, or rather two great halls and a transept, where the soft green coloring just pricked out with gold is a blessing to the brain, and where great generous windows let the tired gaze out upon wide and lovely views. In other parts of the building there are the libraries of the two legislative bodies, and, far away and below, the Law Library overflows what was formerly the Supreme Court Room. But here the more general scholar finds rare indulgence, and the mere dilettante may revel, as, in a place where vastness gives the mind delicious freedom, he turns over books of priceless old engravings, over volumes of natural history—of the trochilidæ, for instance, where the real humming-bird seems to dart through the pages with all his jewels upon him. In this library-room hangs the mosaic portrait of MR. LINCOLN, executed for the nation at the command of a European city out of an infinite number of atoms, and at a cost of great labor and skill.

There is always a sense of enchantment about any great library, where the mighty dead are living round us, where we command them and their thoughts long after their bones are dust, and where a luxury of study reigns; but when you come directly from the echoing rotunda or from the pandemonium of the Hall of Representatives into the silence and hush of this, where not a voice resounds, and the very chairs are muffled in rubber, you question if every thing is not fairly spell-bound. This library, with its triple height of galleries and alcoves, enjoys, it is said, the pre-eminence of being the only one that is fire-proof in the world. Here a copy of every book published in the United States has to be presented in order to secure copyright, and as they accumulate very rapidly,

THE RESTAURANT.

MADAME CLARA MORRIS.

SCENES IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY MISS C. A. NORTHAM.

Mr. SPOFFORD is constantly at his wits'-end to know where to put them all, and the scene sketched by our artist contains more truth than fancy.

A notable object of interest to every sight-seer at the Capitol is the little stand kept by Madame CLARA MORRIS, an old aristocratic Frenchwoman, with a remarkable history. She makes her living by the sale of photographs, and little souvenirs of the Capital City. One peculiarity of the little woman is that she is all smiles and courtesies to those of high degree, while for the ordinary mortal she has nothing but kicks and cuffs, metaphorically speaking.

While at the Capitol our artist had an opportunity of sketching some of the Cheyenne Indians, the very savages who were with the Sioux at the CUSTER massacre. They were dressed in picturesque costumes, and were as harmless-looking as women. They were shyly pleased at having their pictures drawn, and returned the compliment by painting some highly colored and characteristic pictures which they presented to the artist.

DANCE OF VETERANS.

AMONG the pleasant incidents of the National Holiday was the reunion of the surviving veterans of the war of 1812 at the Sturtevant House, in this city. Eight deaths during the past year have reduced the venerable band to fourteen, consisting of the following gentlemen: General DALLY, commander of the corps, aged eighty-five; CHARLES COOMBS, aged eighty-eight; JACOB VAN NOSTRAND, aged eighty-six; WILLIAM TWAY, aged eighty-one; THOMAS MEGSON, aged eighty-one; GEORGE CRYGIER, aged eighty-six; DAVID LOPEZ, aged ninety-one; BARNABAS ALLEN, aged eighty-seven; SAMUEL RYCKMAN, aged eighty-seven; PARMENAS DOXEY, aged eighty-eight; ELIJAH P. JENKS, aged seventy-eight; THOMAS STEWART, aged eighty; GARDINER P. LILLIBRIDGE, aged eighty-seven. The adopted Adjutant of the corps is Mr. J. GOULD WARNER, a young man of about fifty. Among the visitors on this occasion were JOHN SCOTT, a Continental soldier, "presumably," says the New York *World*, "one hundred and twenty, but as sprightly as any of the other boys," and Miss SARAH SCOTT STAFFORD, aged seventy-eight, a daughter of Lieutenant STAFFORD, who jumped overboard and saved the flag of the frigate *Bonhomme Richard*, but received a cutlass wound while doing it that eventually resulted in his death. She brought the old flag with her, and a musket and sabre which belonged to her father.

After the generous repast provided by the Messrs. LELAND, a quadrille set was formed in one of the reception-rooms. Major CROWLEY led Miss RANDOLPH to the floor, followed by General DALLY with Miss BERG, Mr. COOMBS with Miss DUNN, and Mr. LOPEZ with Miss SMITH. When the quadrille was over, Major CROWLEY and Mr. COOMBS gave a stirring exhibition of how the foot used to be shaken in the good old days. This incident was seized by our artist as the subject for the illustration to be found on page 592.

At the conclusion of the dance tickets were distributed for the excursion the veterans are to have at Spring Hill Grove, on August 4, to raise money to maintain their down-town head-quarters another year, and the company separated.

"ONLY MY LIVER."

"SERVE you right." This is a most painful verdict to have to listen to. It throws one back from all human sympathy; lands one entirely on his own resources for the time being—perhaps the poorest landing-stage that could be imagined. "Serve you right: you have sinned, and now you are suffering for it." And this, too, just as you were stating your symptoms in the hope of receiving pity and advice. No, the liver is an organ which will not bear trifling with.

"You can't do without me," the liver seems to say; "so I mean to be treated fairly, or one of these days I'll go on strike, and then where will you be?"

Now any medical man will tell you that the liver is very often unjustly accused of causing discomfort to its owner. One-half the trifling ailments from which men suffer are put down to slight liver derangement; and indeed when, for instance, a man of business comes to his physician of a morning, looking somewhat pale, somewhat worried, and withal a trifle frightened about himself, and says, with a miserable attempt at a smile, "I feel a bit out of sorts this morning, doctor; I wish you'd take a look at my tongue;" and the doctor replies, "Yes, yes, I see it all: liver a bit out of order; soon put that to rights"—then, I say, the physician has rendered his patient a happy man of business. For the patient says to himself, "H'm! only my liver; well, that's good news, anyhow."

Only his liver! But little does our friend know, and little do thousands know, the vast importance of this organ to the animal economy; and it is really more in the hope of preventing disease, of saving lives and livers, than of curing those actually sick, that a family doctor writes this paper.

Would you have me treat of all the diseases this organ is subject to, their symptoms and their mode of treatment? Nay, then, my readers must endeavor to induce our editor to set me aside an extra midsummer number, all to myself, and then I should feel cramped for space. But a terrible array of diseases connected with the liver comes up before my mind's eye as I write, and most of these ailments may be produced from the same causes, and foremost among these is thoughtless and irregular living.

To say, then, nothing of the many different kinds of tumors that may form in the liver, we have, heading the roll of diseases the organ is subject to, *inflammation*, with its racking pains, its sickness and difficulty of breathing, high fever and delirium, and which sometimes, even when most skillfully treated, runs on to abscess, emaciation, utter prostration, and death. The liver at times gets enlarged; this may lead to consequences of the most serious nature. Fatty degeneration of the liver, causing severe dyspepsia, clay-colored countenance, constipation, and diarrhœa, perhaps even dropsy and death, is another disorder to which free-and-easy living may give rise. Waxy degeneration is still another, and more terrible, because, although death is not by any means immediate, the disease, after inflicting months of ill health and trouble and gloom, leads surely and steadfastly on to the bitter end.

The liver is also subject to many troubles connected with its blood-vessels and its gall-bladder, in which sometimes stones or *calculi* form, as they do in the bladder; and these calculi, small though they may be, often, in their passage along the biliary duct toward the intestine, produce the most intense agony and sickness.

Atrophy of the liver is a wasting away of the organ, and deserves a word or two *en passant*. It is a disease which, in my humble opinion, is more often brought on by excesses of various kinds, coupled probably with worry and anxiety, than by any other cause, which surely proves that it is a dangerous thing for people, when trouble comes upon them, as now and then it does on all, to try to drown their cares by using stimulants. Its first symptoms would be a general feeling of ailing, with headache, thirst, depression of spirits, and feverishness. There is another preliminary symptom which I must not omit to mention—I mean drowsiness. This feeling of drowsiness is present sometimes even in congestion of the liver. It is a symptom which always tells of something wrong, and the merest tyro can not mistake it if I describe it as *a feeling of drowsiness without the power to sleep*. But these symptoms may be entirely absent, and the very first sign of the mischief may be jaundice. Of course this latter is always present in the confirmed stage, because the bile is suppressed. With the jaundice there is naturally extreme depression of spirits, great pain, and vomiting of mucus and blood (like coffee grounds); muttering delirium; coma and death soon step in to ease the patient's sufferings, and this may take place in from twenty-four hours to a week. Cure there is none.

I mentioned the word "temperance" above, but let none of my readers suppose that I refer to temperance as regards alcohol in any form only. Temperance to my mind has a far more extended signification. We ought to be temperate in eating as well as in drinking—if so, the stomach will not suffer; temperate in speech and language—thus shall the brain come to no evil; temperate in our passions, and our nerves will remain healthy; temperate in all things, for temperance is the key, yea, even the high-road, to health; health to happiness: happiness of that quiet, calm nature that admits not of flurry or hurry, and seldom of anger; which gives the soul time for contemplation; which gives long life, and causes the life we have to seem longer, and which opens the door to true religion—the religion of love and hope.

The liver is not only the largest and most intricately formed, but it is one of the most important organs of the body, probably next to the heart *the* most important. It is intimately connected with all the other organs of the body; indeed, if the liver is out of order, every tissue of our frame suffers, and with these the mind. Its function is to secrete the bile. Now the suppression of this important fluid, or the obstruction to the flow of it toward the intestine, injures the system in two ways—first, if retained in the blood or re-absorbed into the circulation, it becomes a poison, and jaundice is the result; and secondly, when not poured into the intestine, the proper chylification is prevented, and thus two great evils result.

Having then endeavored to prove to you, and I trust not altogether unsuccessfully, the importance of this much-belied and much-despised part of our anatomy, I shall say one or two words about some of the *every-day* ailments in connection therewith.

First and commonest on the list is what is usually known as a bilious attack, or, in its more mitigated form, simply "biliousness." The patient had gone to bed all right, as he thought, after probably a hearty supper; if any thing, probably too much lobster salad (the wine *could* do no harm—oh dear no). For the first part of the night his slumbers were heavy; then he had begun to toss about, moan, feel uneasy, have interviews with nightmares of various kinds to suit his fancy. And this was his condition in the morning: a decided disinclination to get up: "let business do as it likes for one day." More or less headache, a tongue like calico and tasting of brass; eyes like boiled onions, nausea at the stomach, and an inclination to vomit. Feels if he could vomit, he would be all right. Does, and he is not. Tries again, and perhaps retching comes on, ending in the ejection of bile, and sometimes even blood, which shocks him very much, and causes the doctor to be sent for. And the wise man probably enjoins rest in bed, administers a draught, such as the following: of solution of muriate of morphia ten drops, of carbonate of soda ten grains, of dilute hydrocyanic acid four drops, dissolved in a little soda-water. Ice may be used, and a mustard poultice placed on the pit of the stomach, and the following left to be taken at bed-time—only very little food having been taken during the day: three grains of extract of hyoscyamus, a quarter of a grain of podophyllin, and five grains of extract of dandelion.

And now I come to mention a complaint of a more dangerous nature. I refer to chronic congestion of the liver. It may be occasioned by high living or by violent exercise, or by any thing that interferes with the due excretion of the bile. Here we shall find a feeling of weight and tightness in the right side, probably pain in the right shoulder, slight or severe nausea, want of appetite, giddiness, and sometimes distressing flatulence. Nervousness, too, in some degree will seldom be absent. There are other signs patent only to the profession.

On the first symptom of any thing like congestion, the sufferer will do well to obtain the following mixture, and take an eighth part thereof every morning before breakfast: of Epsom salts one and a quarter ounce, of Glauber salts half an ounce, of tincture of lavender four drams, of peppermint water ten ounces. Later on, while still using mild aperients, tonics must be added; the following, for instance, is a nice warm tonic aperient, an ounce of which may be taken now and then as occasion requires: take two and a half ounces of the compound tincture of gentian, one and a half ounces of the tincture of rhubarb, five drams each of the spirits of ether and sal volatile, and add peppermint water to make it up to ten ounces. Remember, however, that while medicines may cure congestion, you must give them fair play by well regulating the diet, and attending to all the rules of health and hygiene.

It is with the earlier symptoms we have to do here, for unfortunately in its advanced stage the disorder is quite incurable. The first thing that may attract the patient's notice will be simply some slight derangement of the functions of the liver. Then there will be pain in the right side, not severe, a dry skin, with a pasty appearance of the face, flatulence, constipation, and difficulty of digestion, loss of flesh, and general discomfort. Now these symptoms may not be considered quite diagnostic, but they are, or ought to be, entirely sufficient to awaken the patient to a sense of impending danger. Let him then, now or never, rouse himself to action; and no good can be done without regulation of diet. This must be nourishing, but plain; and highly spiced or seasoned dishes must be completely given up, as well as spirituous liquors in any shape or form whatever. Violent exercise must not be taken, but exercise in moderation and cheerful society are beneficial. Aperients, too, will be required, and the sufferer can not do better than use the mixture of salts, etc., and the podophyllin pill already given in this paper. Here I append a simple electuary, of which a tea-spoonful may be taken now and then some time before breakfast. It is merely: the extract of dandelion, confection of senna, and cream of tartar, equal parts of each, well mixed. Friction over the seat of the liver with some stimulating ointment or liniment may help to cure. To those who can afford to travel, the mineral wells of various well-known places will do good.

THE huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets. Dr. Pierce's Memorandum Books given away by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—A Perfect Dressing for the Hair.—The Cocoaine holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCOA-NUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. *No other compound* possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be the *best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*—[*Com.*]

THE Sea-Shore Cottage at Atlanticville, near Long Branch, N. J., will be ready for Guests on July 1st. It is intended only for Working Girls. For terms and particulars, address or apply to the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East 15th Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., and 5 and 7 P.M. each day. Circulars sent on application.—[*Com.*]

FLORILINE—For the Teeth and Breath, is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites, or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath; it is perfectly harmless, and delicious as sherry. Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, No. 493 Oxford Street, London, England, and retailed everywhere in the United States.—[*Com.*]

A Half or Whole Bottle of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water mixed with the water of the bath is of great use to invalids and all delicate or nervous persons, as it revives and braces up the failing strength and soothes the most irritable nervous system.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRADE MARK.

JOHN S. BROWN & SONS, Belfast, Ireland,

Exhibited at Philadelphia the largest and best assortment of Linen Goods. See Judges' Report. Sold at all first-class retail dry goods stores.

BLAIKIE'S

HOW TO GET STRONG.

How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from the Wine district of France. Always uniform and Wholesome. Sold only in cans by all Grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them, especially when offered loose or in bulk.

MORGAN PARK

MILITARY ACADEMY.

MORGAN PARK, Cook Co., Ill.

A first-class Preparatory School for Boys. For full information send for Catalogue.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

Harper's European Guide-Book

FOR 1879.

By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK: French Without a Master, German Without a Master, Italian Without a Master. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Complete in one volume. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PRINTING PRESSES
from $1.00 to $150.
Book of Type, 10 c. Circulars free.
Sample Package of Cards, 10 c.
YOUNG AMERICA PRESS COMPANY
35 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

VAN LOAN'S

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN GUIDE,

With Bird's-Eye View, Maps, and Description of 69 Boarding Houses. Paper, 25c., Mailed for 30c.; Cloth, 50c., postage paid. WALTON VAN LOAN, Catskill, N.Y.

VIREÜN (School for Boys),

Sing Sing, N. Y.

One Hundred Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to Col. H. C. SYMONDS (late U. S. Army), Principal.

ANNUAL RECORD OF

Science and Industry for 1878.

Prepared by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.) The Complete Set, 8 vols., for $15 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ANGOSTURA BITTERS,

An excellent appetizing Tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole civilized world, cures dyspepsia, diarrhœa, fever and ague, colics, and all disorders of the digestive organs. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by **Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.**—J. W. HANCOX, U. S. Sole Agent, 51 Broadway. P. O. Box 2610, New York.

C. F. A. HINRICHS'
English Archery, Lawn Tennis, &c.,
NEW YORK.

Rogers' Groups of Statuary,

PRICE $10 AND UPWARD.

Enclose 10 cts. for Illustrated Catalogue, to

JOHN ROGERS,

23 Union Square, New York.

MOTLEY'S HISTORIES.

(CHEAP EDITION.)

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. With a Portrait of William of Orange. 3 volumes, 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve-Years' Truce. With a full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portraits. 4 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD, Advocate of Holland. With a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the "Thirty-Years' War." By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. Illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $4 00. *Sold only in Sets. (Nearly Ready.)*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., and J. MILHAUS & SONS.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY,

CHESTER, PA. (Opens Sept. 10th.)

Thorough instruction in Civil Engineering, Chemistry, the Classics and English. Degrees conferred.

For Circulars, apply to

COL. THEO. HYATT, *President.*

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

DANIEL DERONDA. A Novel. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. A Novel. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

MIDDLEMARCH. A Novel. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

ROMOLA. A Novel. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE, and SILAS MARNER, The Weaver of Raveloe. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. A Novel. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

HARPER & BROTHERS *also publish Cheaper Editions* of GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS, as follows:

DANIEL DERONDA. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.—IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.—FELIX HOLT. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.—THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.—MIDDLEMARCH. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25.—ROMOLA. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.—SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (Also, in 3 vols., 32mo, Paper, AMOS BARTON, MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY, JANET'S REPENTANCE, 20 cents each.)—SILAS MARNER. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.—BROTHER JACOB; THE LIFTED VEIL. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

A FINISHED MUSICAL EDUCATION, **THE NEW ENGLAND** Conservatory, Boston, employing **75 Eminent Professors,** Has a reputation unequalled for furnishing a **COMPLETE MUSICAL EDUCATION** at merely nominal rates, combined with **RARE** collateral advantages. For prospectus address E. Tourjée, Music Hall, Boston, Mass.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, CAVEATS. MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York, Proprietors of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. Thirty-four years' experience as Solicitors of Patents. Hand-book on Patents, with full directions and advice, sent free.

The Rifle Club and Range.

By A. H. WESTON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

CONTAINS:

LAKE GEORGE. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN.
With Twenty-three Illustrations by J. D. Smillie.

THE NAUTICAL SCHOOL "ST. MARYS." By W. H. RIDEING.
With Twelve Illustrations.

"CHAUTAUQUA." By D. H. POST.
With Eight Illustrations.

LITTLE BARBARA. A POEM. By WILL WALLACE HARNEY.
With an Illustration.

THE FIRST MRS. PETERSHAM. A STORY. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.
With an Illustration.

AMERICAN FORESTS. By G. W. POWELL.

MISS MILDRED'S FRIEND. A STORY. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

SNUG HAMLET AND HOMETOWN. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON.
With Fifteen Illustrations by the Author.

WATCH-WORDS. A POEM. By HELEN S. CONANT.

JAPANESE ROCK-CRYSTAL. By Rev. W. E. GRIFFIS.
With Five Illustrations.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE. By WILLIAM BLACK.
CHAPTER I. On the Quay.—CHAPTER II. Mary Avon.—CHAPTER III. Under Way.—CHAPTER IV. A Message.
With Two Illustrations.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE. A NOVEL. By DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.
With Three Illustrations.

THE FOREIGN INDEBTEDNESS OF THE UNITED STATES. By WILLARD BROWN.

MARY ANERLEY. A NOVEL. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
CHAPTER I. Headstrong and Headlong.—CHAPTER II. Scargate Hall.—CHAPTER III. A disappointing Appointment.

CONSEQUENCES OF DEFECTIVE VISION. By Dr. EDWARD G. LORING.
With Two Illustrations.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year	10 00
Any TWO, one year	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $3 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

GANNETT INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, BOSTON, MASS. The 26th year will begin Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1879. For Catalogues and Circular, apply to Rev. GEO. GANNETT, Principal, 69 Chester Square, Boston, Mass.

52 Perfumed Chromo & Gilt-edge asst'd Cards, name in gold & jet, 10c. Franklin Print'g Co., W. Haven, Ct.

MORE AGENTS WANTED FOR Through the Dark Continent.

BY

HENRY M. STANLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

$72 A Week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

Cuticura

From the Hon. WM. TAYLOR, State Senator of Massachusetts.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen,*—To say that I am grateful is only a poor expression of my feelings, but it is the best word I can use, for I feel it in every sense of the word. I have been a great sufferer with skin diseases for the last twelve (12) years. My head and face being covered with sores, I could not rest with the burning heat and itching of the parts affected, and was confined to my house for weeks at a time. My disease has been called Eczema, of a most aggravated type, by many physicians, but I doubt if ever fully understood by any of them. It was more like a combination of several skin humors. I have spent much money seeking a cure, and in 1867 I went to Europe and consulted some of the best physicians in London. I received temporary relief only, for in the spring it would break out again as bad as ever. When I came back to Boston, I was told by many friends that Dr. —— (whose reputation for the cure of those diseases was of the highest order) could cure me. I waited on the doctor; he prescribed for me. I followed his advice for six months, and, I can safely say, without any improvement. I tried other physicians, and among them Dr. ——, of East Boston, and Dr. ——, of city proper, but all to no purpose. They did me no good; their remedies were so ineffectual that at no time did I feel that a cure would result from them.

I have swallowed five hundred arsenic pills, 5.20 grain, and taken bottle after bottle of internal remedies, besides all the external applications I have used, but the effect was the same. I became satisfied that I could not be cured, but might be kept from getting worse.

Now, about three months ago, Mr. Meehan, a gentleman well known to Boston people, called my attention to your CUTICURA, and promised wonderful results if I would only make a trial. He told me of his own experience with it, and so persevered on me that I went with him to a drug store and bought two large boxes of CUTICURA, and some CUTICURA SOAP, and commenced to use it according to the directions. There was so much humor lodged within the skin, that as soon as I commenced the use of CUTICURA it came to the surface and festered, until vast quantities had come out and greatly intensified my sufferings for about two weeks. But I did not mind this, as I felt that I was going to get rid of the humor when I saw it coming to the surface in such large quantities. After the first two or three weeks' use of this remedy, I was greatly encouraged by a gradual lessening of the inflammation of a number of painful sores. I carefully, faithfully, and cheerfully followed the directions to the letter, feeling each week nearer a cure, until at the present moment, after three months' use of CUTICURA, and twelve years of as constant suffering as was ever endured, I can say that I am cured, and pronounce my case the most remarkable on record. I have been so elated with my success that I have stopped men on the street who were afflicted, and told them to get the CUTICURA and it would cure them. This is why I am so grateful to you, for I believe it to be the best and greatest discovery of the age, and that it will cure all who are suffering with these diseases. I may add that I took no internal medicine but the CUTICURA RESOLVENT. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

BOSTON, *Aug.* 22, 1878.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT is the most powerful Blood Purifier and Liver Stimulant ever compounded.

CUTICURA is the great external remedy for all Humors of the Scalp and Skin, Ulcers, and Old Sores.

CUTICURA SOAP is an elegant toilet and medicinal assistant to CUTICURA for all external affections.

Prepared by Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and for sale by all Druggists and Dealers. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one-half times the quantity of small, $1. RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents per cake; by mail, 30 cents; three cakes, 75 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS Hundreds of little Nerves and Muscles respond to the Electrical Action of these wonderful Plasters the moment they are applied. They instantly Annihilate Pain, Strengthen Weak and Painful Parts, Draw Poisons from the Blood, Prevent Fever and Ague, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

A NEW LIBRARY EDITION OF

HUME'S ENGLAND.

History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By DAVID HUME. New and Elegant Library Edition, from New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$2,000 A YEAR for honest, intelligent business men or agents. New business; light work. Address J. B. CHAPMAN, Madison, Ind.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

JOIN OUR COLONY IN CALIFORNIA. Send to Colony Office, **14 Swan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.,** for Pamphlets and Maps.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Hand Printing Stamps. Circulars free. **G. A. Harper & Bro., Cleveland, O.**

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

MOTLEY'S NETHERLANDS. History of the United Netherlands; from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce. With a full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portraits. 4 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

II.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES LEVER. By W. J. FITZPATRICK. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

III.

THE LOVER'S TALE. By ALFRED TENNYSON. 32mo, Paper, 10 cents; Cloth, 25 cents.

IV.

HISTORY.–HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. By LORD MACAULAY. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

V.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. A Poem in Six Cantos. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

VI.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By DAVID HUME. New and Elegant Library Edition, from New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

VII.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1878. Prepared by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.) The Complete Set, 8 vols., $15 00.

VIII.

WARREN'S ASTRONOMY. Recreations in Astronomy. With Directions for Practical and Telescopic Work. By the Rev. H. W. WARREN, D.D. With 83 Illustrations and Maps of the Stars. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

IX.

GASPARD DE COLIGNY (Marquis de Chatillon), Admiral of France, Colonel of French Infantry; Governor of Picardy, Ile de France, Paris, and Havre. By WALTER BESANT, M.A. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

X.

TALES FROM EURIPIDES. By VINCENT KING COOPER, M.A., late Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

XI.

HARPER'S EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOK FOR 1879. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Eighteenth Year (1879). In Three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Volume.

VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland.

VOL. II.—Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece.

VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain.

XII.

THE ZULUS AND THE BRITISH FRONTIERS. By THOMAS J. LUCAS, Captain of the late Cape Mounted Rifles. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

XIII.

IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH. By GEORGE ELIOT. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

XIV.

HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XV.

THE RIFLE CLUB AND RANGE. By A. H. WESTON. With Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XVI.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. With a Portrait of William of Orange. New Cheap Edition. 3 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.*

Henry Esmond. By W. M. THACKERAY. 15 cents.

The House of Lys. By General HAMLEY. 15 cents.

John Caldigate. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 15 cents.

Orange Lily. By MAY CROMMELIN. 10 cents.

My Sister's Keeper. By LAURA M. LANE. 20 cents.

Mr. Grantley's Idea. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. 25 cts.

John Halifax, Gentleman. 15 cents.

Basildon. By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT. 15 cents.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. By Colonel HAMLEY. 15 cents.

"For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN. 15 cents.

Under One Roof. By JAMES PAYN. 15 cents.

That Artful Vicar. 15 cents.

The Sherlocks. By JOHN SAUNDERS. 15 cents.

Quaker Cousins. By AGNES MACDONELL. 15 cents.

Coward Conscience. By F. W. ROBINSON. 15 cents.

The Cloven Foot. By M. E. BRADDON. 15 cents.

The Grahams of Invermoy. By M. C. STIRLING. 15 cts.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE STATESMAN AT SEA.

BRITISH TAR (*To Member of Congress*). "I say, perhaps you would like to look this over."

LATEST FROM THE ART WORLD.

"We hear that those talented fellows, Raphael Angelo Muggs and Paulo Claude Jiggs, are hard at work in the country, studying from nature and imbibing a love for the beautiful."—*Daily Paper.*

VERMILYE & CO., BANKERS,

Nos. 16 and 18 Nassau St., N. Y.,

Buy and sell ON COMMISSION, for cash or on margin, all securities dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange.

All issues of Government Bonds bought and sold at market rates, free of commission, and on hand for immediate delivery.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN to EXCHANGES OF BONDS IN WASHINGTON FOR ACCOUNT OF BANKS.

HIGHFIELD'S CELEBRATED London Archery.

PECK & SNYDER, Sole Agents for America.

Our new Seaside Journal, with complete price-list of Archery and Lawn Tennis, mailed on application. Address

PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers and Importers, 124 Nassau St., N. Y.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

		CTS.
55.	"For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. Herbert Martin.	15
56.	Lady Lee's Widowhood. By E. B. Hamley....	15
57.	A History of Our Own Times. By Justin M'Carthy. No. I	20
58.	Basildon. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt..........	15
59.	John Halifax, Gentleman..........	15
60.	Orange Lily. By May Crommelin..........	10
61.	Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot..........	10
62.	The Zulus and the British Frontiers. By Thomas J. Lucas..........	10
63.	John Caldigate. By Anthony Trollope.......	15
64.	The House of Lys. By Major-General W. G. Hamley..........	15
65.	Henry Esmond. By W. M. Thackeray........	15
66.	The Life of Charles Lever. By W. J. Fitzpatrick	15

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

FINE ARCHERY

CONROY, BISSETT & MALLESON
65 FULTON ST. N.Y.
MALLESON'S PAT. SPLIT BAMBOO BOW
SEND FOR PRICE LIST

CONGRESS WATER,

Pronounced by Physicians and Connoisseurs to be the **Purest Mineral Water Known.** Nothing *Bitter, Acid,* or *Crude* to *irritate* the *Mucous Membrane.* Sold by all leading Druggists, Grocers, Hotels.

HEALTH BY HEALTHFUL LIVING is the scientific idea, and the **LAWS OF HEALTH,** an 8-page quarto monthly, is the best exponent of this idea. 50 cents a year; sample copies free. Address **ROBERT WALTER, M.D., Editor, Wernersville,** near Reading, **Pa.**

THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE WIRE GAUZE, NON-EXPLOSIVE OIL STOVE.

The **ONLY** Oil Stove made with **WIRE GAUZE** inside the **reservoir,** on the principle of the Sir Humphrey Davy Safety Lamp, making it **absolutely non-explosive.**

AWARDED

The **Highest Premium—a Medal—at the Paris Exposition** of 1878 for

Safety, Capacity, and Durability.

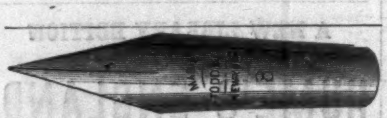
Made in four sizes—one, two, three, and four burners. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

THE ADAMS AND WESTLAKE M'F'G CO., CHICAGO.

JUST OUT: HOW TO TRAIN IN
ARCHERY.
BY MAURICE AND WILL. H. THOMPSON.
BOUND IN CLOTH — FIFTY CENTS
MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
E. I. HORSMAN MANUFACTURER OF FINE ARCHERY NEW YORK.

A RELIABLE MEDICINE.

Perhaps no medicine has reached so high a degree of confidence in the public mind as Thermaline, a Fever and Ague preparation made by the well-known firm of DUNDAS DICK & Co. We know people right here in Columbus who can testify to its merits, and where physicians have once tested it they will recommend it as a malarial remedy—in fact, several of them have done so.—*Columbus Dispatch.*



MABIE, TODD & BARD,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GOLD PENS,

PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, etc.
180 Broadway, New York.
Send for Price-List.
Our Goods are for sale by First Class Dealers in the U.S.

THE "CREAM" OF THE
STRAWBERRIES
FOR 1879,

are shown in our Colored Plate, illustrating the eight best sorts; which, together with our Method of Culture (by which a full crop can be obtained in *Ten Months* from time of planting), will be mailed free to all on application by letter.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
Seedsmen and Florists,
35 *Cortlandt Street, New York.*

$3 Printing Press

Prints cards labels &c. (Self-inker $5) 18 larger sizes For business or pleasure, young or old. Do your own advertising and printing. Catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., for 2 stamps. **Kelsey & Co. Meriden, Conn**

SMOKE CUBEBS.

J. B. H.

TRADE MARK.

Marshall's Prepared Cubebs and Cigarettes,

A SURE REMEDY

For Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, all Diseases of the Throat, Hay-Fever, Foul Breath, &c.

JAMES B. HORNER,
59 Maiden Lane, New York, U. S. A.

Sample box by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

There are martyrs to headache who might be cured by using

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

The stomach, overburdened until its recuperative power is weakened, revenges itself upon the poor head, which it makes to ache and torture the offender. The use of this aperient will carry off naturally, and almost imperceptibly, the offending cause. The disease is removed and the head ceases to ache.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LESS THAN A CENT A WEEK!

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD,

A LARGE, FIRST-CLASS, EIGHT-PAGE PAPER,

WILL BE SENT, POSTPAID, TO ANY ADDRESS

TILL JANUARY 1, 1880.

FOR

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

At this extraordinarily low price EVERY DEMOCRAT can afford to subscribe at once to the leading paper of his party. The best and cheapest newspaper in the world.

Mention the name of this paper.

Address "THE WORLD," New York City.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

In 20 Numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A Sample of each, for trial, by mail, on receipt of **25 cts. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Pens.**

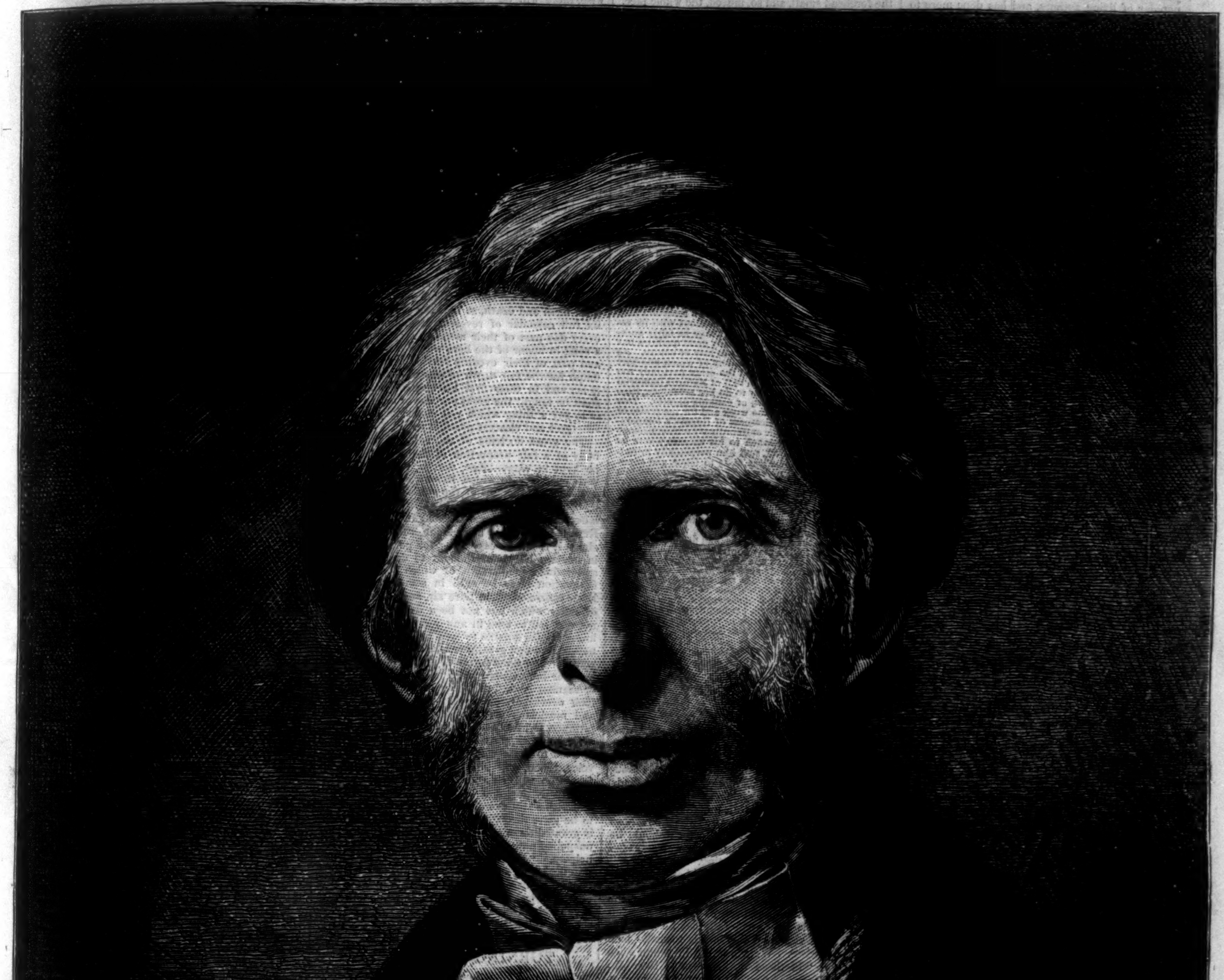
Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. **NEW YORK.**

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

ST. LOUIS LAW SCHOOL.
Term opens October 15, 1879. Tuition, $80 per year. No extras. For circular address HENRY HITCHCOCK, Dean.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.



JOHN RUSKIN, AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS," "STONES OF VENICE," ETC.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

JOHN RUSKIN.

WHATEVER can be urged against RUSKIN by his critics—and that much can be urged with justice there is no doubt—he is one of the most popular of living authors, and has done more to influence public taste in regard to the matters of which he writes than any of his most brilliant contemporaries. In spite of his variableness and apparently infinite shadows of turning, he has kept in view certain truths which he has determined to promulgate, and has never failed to present them in such form as to make them acceptable to his readers. He has pleaded the cause of the new against the old, and with such success that it is scarcely too much to say that he has accomplished a revolution in thought. Entering the arena as a prophet of a new faith, he challenged old beliefs and prejudices, and the challenge was delivered in the tone of one who felt confident that he could make good his words against any and all opponents. The tumult that arose about his ears mattered little to him, for apparently he saw the end from the beginning, the time when he should carry his audience with him, and the fiercest denunciation be turned to the most rapturous applause.

Unlike most aspirants for literary fame, RUSKIN, in spite of the difficulty of the task he set himself, has experienced little of discouragement and disappointment, and met with few checks in his career. From the beginning he had a certain end in view, toward which he progressed certainly if not steadily. Born in 1819, he was educated at Oxford, where, at the age of twenty, he took the Newdegate prize for poetry. This is worth remarking, for RUSKIN'S style is very flowing and buoyant, and full of poetic imagery of a high order. Then, inspired with a love of art, the student, after taking his degree, studied under J. D. HARDING and COPLEY FIELDING—excellent artists, who have made a great love of nature very apparent in their works. Having learned to paint, to know what a palette is, what scumbling, what the difference between a tube of megilp and a tube of paint, and being himself practically an artist, the graduate wrote a book to tell the world something about art. RUSKIN sprang into literary life as the vindicator of what was new and modern, to draw admiration away from the past achievements of masters who had mouldered in their graves for centuries, and fix it upon what was being accomplished to-day. As he went on with his task he found, or at least he convinced himself, that the vindication of the great landscape painter was essentially a vindication of all true art. Still further proceeding with his self-imposed task, he persuaded himself that the cause of true art was identical with the cause of truth, and that truth, from RUSKIN'S point of view, inclosed in the same rules and principles all the morals, all the science, industry, and daily business of life. Therefore from an art critic he became a moralist, a political economist, a philosopher, a statesman, a preacher—any thing, every thing that human intelligence can impel a man to be.

If RUSKIN in his later writings had shown less of contradiction and haste in forming opinions which he must subsequently retract, he might, perhaps, with justice be called a great social and political writer, whose force was originally turned upon art. What he wrote he wrote from his heart, as a great and good man must write, and even when he generously undertook the defense of TURNER he did not wholly lose himself in his subject. Perhaps no one was more astonished than TURNER at the turn things took. As an able writer tells us: "Here were the English, who are mostly ignorant of art, buying greasy, sticky, and dark old masters, and, worse, wretched copies from old masters—things so black that one could not see them. RUSKIN, a young graduate, comes and waves his magician's pen in *Modern Painters*, and our newspaper critics, more ignorant even then than now, which is saying much, are converted, and the reign of modern art comes in. We begin to love daylight, real drawing, color, light, cheerfulness; not fusty old saints, miserable friars, and impossible apotheoses of saints that never existed. And yet no one loves the old masters more than RUSKIN and this writer—when they *are* masters, look you!" The reign of TURNER and modern painters was established by RUSKIN, and thousands upon thousands of dollars were laid out upon living artists, who but for RUSKIN might have starved. The fate of the art critics, as described by the writer just quoted, was amusing. "Art critics," he tells us, "who have been admirably sketched by THACKERAY as Fred Bayham, were ignorant reporters, who did not know a mahl-stick from a walking-cane, and who, in the plenitude of their ignorance, could not see that they were killed outright, run through the body by RUSKIN'S blade. A Turk had a cimeter so sharp that he used to pass it through a man's neck without hurting him. The victim used to grin with delighted surprise. 'Sneeze,' said the *sabreur Turque*. The executed one did so, and his head rolled on the floor. Most of our stupid critics are dead. Some have exhibited the crick in their necks; but a great many of them have not yet sneezed, and go on writing about PARMEGIANO, CLAUDE, chiaro-oscuro, and the correggiosity of CORREGGIO with distressing simplicity. Quietly and triumphantly *Modern Painters* made its way; a second edition was called for within a year; TURNER was enthroned (poor, mean, old man, he had tumbled into decadence, painted pictures full of varied colors like a convalescent black eye, and still quoted his own MS. poem, the 'Fallacies of Hope'), and the public's idea of painters and painting was revolutionized."

What RUSKIN is personally may be learned to a great extent from our engraved portrait of him, which presents his clear, intelligent features with great fidelity. He is in reality a long, thin, shambling gentleman, like a country clergyman, with red hair which certainly "tumbles over his face in the pound-of-candles style;" a Scotch face, full of shrewdness; very ugly if we believe some photographs, very winning and clever, very sweet and charming, if the gazer but reads it aright. The mouth is small, the nose somewhat *retroussé*, the forehead small, and so, indeed, the whole face. Yet the head is very capable; and when RUSKIN speaks, the fiery soul "seems to work upward and flash out of the windows of those eyes as the eloquent words, hurried onward in a torrent, flash too, and light up whole tracts of darkness." All his faults lie in his eager temperament and the too great readiness with which he gives utterance to half-digested thought. As JUSTIN MCCARTHY, one of his most able and discriminating critics, tells us:

"All that he has written since his first appeal to the public has been inspired by this conviction: that an appreciation of the truth in art reveals to him who has it the truth in every thing. This belief has been the source of Mr. RUSKIN'S greatest successes, and of his most complete and ludicrous failures. It has made him the admiration of the world one week, and the object of its placid pity or broad laughter the next. A being who could be JOAN OF ARC to-day and VOLTAIRE'S PUCELLE to-morrow would hardly exhibit a stronger psychical paradox than the eccentric genius of Mr. RUSKIN sometimes illustrates. But in order to do him justice, and not to regard him as a mere erratic utterer of eloquent contradictions, poured out on the impulse of each moment's new freak of fancy, we must always bear in mind the fundamental faith of the man. Extravagant as this or that doctrine may be, outrageous as to-day's contradiction of yesterday's assertion may sound, yet the whole career is consistent with its essential principles and beliefs. It may be fairly questioned whether Mr. RUSKIN has any great qualities but his eloquence and his true, honest love of nature. As a man to stand up before a society of which one part was fashionably languid, and the other part only too busy and greedy, and preach to it of Nature's immortal beauty, and of the true way to do her reverence, RUSKIN has and had a position of genuine dignity. This ought to be enough for the work and for the praise of any man. But the restlessness of RUSKIN'S temperament, combined with the extraordinary self-sufficiency which contributed so much to his success where he was master of a subject, sent him perpetually intruding into fields where he was unfit to labor, and enterprises which he had no capacity to conduct. Seldom has a man contradicted himself so often, so recklessly, and so complacently as Mr. RUSKIN. It is venturesome to call him a great critic even in art, for he seldom expresses any opinion one day without flatly contradicting it the next. He is a great writer, as ROUSSEAU was—fresh, eloquent, audacious, writing out of the fullness of the present mood, and heedless how far the impulse of to-day may contravene that of yesterday. But as ROUSSEAU was always faithful to his idea of truth, so RUSKIN is always faithful to Nature. When all his errors and paradoxes and contradictions shall have been utterly forgotten, this will remain to his praise. No man since WORDSWORTH'S brightest days did half so much to teach his countrymen and those who speak his language how to appreciate and honor that silent Nature 'which never did betray the heart that loved her.'"

There is a story told of a gentleman-farmer not unaccustomed to the outsides of books, that he took down to his farm, with immense gusto, RUSKIN'S "On the Construction of Sheep-Folds." It was about the lambing season, and the good man desired to have all the latest information on the subject. His rage will be imagined by those who like to read a book on their pet subject after dinner. RUSKIN'S "Sheep-Folds" is a pamphlet on the discipline of the Church. There are thousands of other ridiculous stories told. One lady bought *Table Traits* for a cookery book; the *Gentle Life* was caught up as a disquisition on fishing; and a hunting man carried away the *Recreations of a Country Parson* as a work which should be full of delightful chapters on pastoral sports—shooting, fishing, and fox-hunting. "What more," inquired the poor victim—"what other recreations can a country parson have?" But RUSKIN'S titles give one an insight into the nature of the man. Earnest, honest, even if variable, and full of love for his fellow-men, all that he does has some end in view, and this end is to make men better and wiser. We can well believe him when he writes: "In these works of mine their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing every thing to a root in a human passion and a human hope. Arising first not in any desire to explain the principles of art, but in an endeavor to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been colored throughout—nay, continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken by digressions respecting social questions, which had for me an interest tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking. Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some spiritual and vital fact."

Recently the attention of the world has been called to a remarkable society formed by Mr. RUSKIN for the purpose of putting to a practical test some of the schemes and doctrines which in his opinion are necessary to the welfare of the human race, and which will advance it on the road to perfection. Every one knows that according to his ideas, and, indeed, according to those of a great many other people, the world is in a very bad way—selfishness, vanity, and practical atheism having wholly undermined the framework of social order, degraded labor, and destroyed art. Those to whom acquiescence in such a state of things is intolerable are asked to form a guild, "the object of which is to be the health, wealth, and long life of the British nation," or, as he puts it elsewhere, "to buy, or obtain by gift, land in England, and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible as many English men, English women, and English children as the land so possessed can maintain in comfort; to establish for them and their descendants a National Store of continually augmenting wealth; and to organize the government of the persons and administration of the properties under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the Law of God. ....The rents of such land, though they will be required from the tenants as strictly as those of any other estates, will differ from common rents primarily in being lowered, instead of raised, in proportion to every improvement made by the tenant; secondly, in that they will be entirely used for the benefit of the tenantry themselves, or better culture of the estates, no money being ever taken by the landlords, unless they earn it by their own personal labor."

There is to be no equality among the members of St. George's Guild, this being the name by which the association is known, and "no competitive examinations." This, of course, relates to the educational side of the scheme. Contrariwise, there will be "absolute prohibition of all violent and strained effort—most of all envious or anxious effort—in every exercise of body and mind." The natural mental rank, if we may believe what is said, will be as carefully sought out as it ever was by Jesuit instructors. Each will be taught to know his place, to be content with his faculty, while putting it to the best use he can, and to cultivate reverent admiration of superior faculties as one of the first of duties. WORDSWORTH'S line, "We live by admiration, hope, and love," seems to represent the ever-present, uplifting thought of Mr. RUSKIN'S mind when dealing with the subject of education: "All boys shall learn either to ride or sail, the power of highest discipline and honor being vested by Nature in the two chivalries of the Horse and the Wave....Children shall learn, in the history of five cities—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London—so far as they can understand, what has been beautifully and bravely done; and they shall know the lives of the heroes and heroines in truth and naturalness, and shall be taught to remember the greatest of them on the days of their birth and death, so that the year shall have its full calendar of reverent Memory. And on every day part of their morning service shall be a song in honor of the hero whose birthday it is, and part of their evening service a song of triumph for the fair death of one whose death-day it is; and in their first learning of notes they shall be taught the great purpose of music, which is to say a thing which you mean deeply, in the strongest and clearest possible way."

The great doctrine of the value to mind and body of a fair proportion of manual labor will be kept in view—labor, that is, with tools, not with machines, to which RUSKIN is violently opposed. The thought of the studious person will be made wholesome by bodily toil, the toil of the laborer noble by elevated thought. Indeed, Mr. RUSKIN would have us imagine, although he declares it is not an easy thing for persons trained in modern habits of thought to do so, "a true and refined scholarship, of which the essential foundation is to be skill in something useful. Even coarse work, in pure air, and in the midst of labor which has not been dealt with, ought not of itself to tend in any degree to render any human being unable to love beautiful things in nature, and feel greatness in art. As for art and artists, "and some forms of intellectual or artistic labor inconsistent (as a musician's) with other manual labor," St. George can not be said to look overkindly on them. "Scholars, painters, and musicians may advisedly be kept on due pittance, to instruct and amuse the laborer at or after his work, provided the duty be severely restricted to those who have high special gifts of voice, touch, and imagination"—to the few, in fact, who will sing, or preach, or paint, however badly they may be paid, all from pure love, and with a stiff examination as to technical skill, to be gone through before license of exhibition is granted them at all. Here, again, pure air and unspoiled nature are reckoned on as all-powerful helpers. "No great arts," writes RUSKIN, "were practicable by any people unless they were living contented lives in pure air, out of the way of unsightly objects, and emancipated from unnecessary mechanical occupation."

TURNING THE TABLES.

TOM HILLS, sometime huntsman of the Old Surrey Hounds, was once sent to buy a fox in Leadenhall Market for service the next day. The commission was not at all to Tom's liking; but obeying orders, he rode to town, got his fox, and putting him, securely strapped, legs upward, in a capacious pocket in his overcoat, turned his horse's head homeward. Somewhere about midnight he reached Streatham Common, to be suddenly stopped with the once familiar challenge, "Your money or your life!"

"My money!" exclaimed Hills. "I haven't got any; I am only a servant; and you wouldn't take my life, surely?"

The highwayman told him to look sharp, emphasizing the injunction by pointing a pistol at the huntsman's head.

"Well, my man," said the latter, "we won't fall out. I want my life; so, as I've no money, I suppose you must have money's worth. You'll find something quite as good in my pocket here; so pray help yourself."

The robber's disengaged hand dived into Tom's pocket instanter, and Master Reynard's teeth closed as quickly upon it, causing the fellow to yell in dismay, and drop pistol and reins; while Tom galloped off at his best pace, leaving his unwelcome acquaintance to bandage his hand and digest his disappointment at leisure.

Relating his Indian experiences, Colonel Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travellers, crying out against the bunias, or flour-sellers, who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so abominably with sand that cakes made of it were utterly uneatable. The colonel determined to punish the cheats; and this is how he did it. "I told," says he, "some reliable men of my escort to go quietly into the bazars, and each buy flour at a separate shop, being careful to note whose shop it was. The flour was brought to me. I tested every sample, and found it full of sand as I passed it under my teeth. I then desired all the persons named in my list to be sent to me, with their baskets of flour, their weights and scales. Shortly afterward they arrived, evidently suspecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. 'Now,' said I, gravely, 'each of you is to weigh out a seer [two pounds] of your flour;' which was done.

"'Is it for the pilgrims?' asked one.

"'No,' said I, quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep my countenance. 'You must eat it yourselves.'

"They saw that I was in earnest, and offered to pay any fine I imposed.

"'Not so,' I returned; 'you have made many eat your flour: why should you object to eat it yourselves?'

"They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the by-standers some of them actually began to eat, sputtering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon." And so, with a severe admonition, they were let off. No more was heard of the bad flour.

It is a pity adulterators at home can not be served in the same way; pure food would be the rule, if the concocters and venders of vile make-believes were liable to compulsory consumption of their own wares.

Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomatist, gained the repute of being the only European who ever got the better of a dervish. During the New-Year festival the Persian religious mendicants ply their vocation most vigorously, not merely asking for alms, but demanding such sums as they deem proper, according to the rank of the giver. A dervish tried to extract an extravagant tribute from Sir John, and the ambassador proving obstinate, proceeded to "sit upon him;" that is to say, he established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows, and relieved his feelings by making a hideous hullabaloo day and night. The diplomatist was inclined to make short work of the nuisance, but was warned that violent measures would be dangerous.

"Get rid of him if you can," said his Persian advisers; "but do not touch him."

Sir John sent for a bricklayer, and gave the order: "Build a wall all round that howling beggar in my garden, and then roof it in."

The dervish looked on composedly while the wall slowly rose round him, and made more noise than before; but when the roofing process commenced, and he awoke to the knowledge that it was really intended to entomb him alive, he clambered over the wall, and rushed away like a madman, never to trouble McNeill again.

Some sixty years ago, a certain Yorkshire living was held by a company-loving parson much in request at marriage merry-makings, whose clerk was equally welcome at christening tea-fights. These two worthies contrived to fall out; so it came to pass that when the clerk was due at a tea party, he found himself obliged to forego the anticipated muffin feast by reason of the parson requiring his attendance. He bore the disappointment with tolerably good grace, hoping for an opportunity for retaliation. It was not long coming. One Sunday morning, advised that the clergyman was going to dine with a newly wedded pair, instead of giving out only part of the hundred-and-nineteenth psalm, the wicked fellow said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the hundred-and-nineteenth psalm—all on't." Before his victim was well aware of the treat in store, the musicians were fairly on their way, resolved to go through their task, come what might. It was weary work, but they bravely persevered. Sometimes only one instrument accompanying a single voice was to be heard; but singers and players were determined to do their duty, and held on somehow to the end; and the parson had to dine at home, inwardly confessing the tables had fairly been turned upon him.

The Rev. Dr. Macleod, father of Dr. Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with: "Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." Asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience.

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, Duncan," said the good-natured minister, "I will hear what it is."

"Well, doctor," said Duncan, "the matter is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church. Now there is really no clock there, only the face of one; there is no truth there, only once in twelve hours; and in my mind that is wrong, very wrong, and quite against the conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

The doctor promised to consider the matter. "But," said he, "I'm glad to see ye looking so well, man. Ye're not young. I remember you for many years; but you have a fine head of hair still."

"Eh, doctor!" exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, "now ye're joking. It's long since I had my hair."

Dr. Macleod looked shocked, and answered, in a tone of reproach: "Oh, Duncan! Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?" He heard no more of the lie on the face of the church.

A well-merited repartee was dealt by a smart midshipman to the daughter of a K.C.B. at a ball given by the latter to the naval officers on the North Pacific station. The middy was bold enough to ask the young lady to accept him for her partner.

"Oh dear, no," said the supercilious beauty. "Ma never allows me to dance with midshipmen."

Somebody let her know the middy was a lord, and she repented, and by-and-by reminded him he was engaged to her for the next dance.

The youngster, however, was not so easily to be mollified, and remembering the lady had native blood in her veins, smilingly replied: "Oh dear, no. Ma never allows me to dance with squaws."

Said one play-going young fellow to another:

"I was at the Gaiety last night for the sixteenth time, and took a look round the pit to see if you were there."

But noways disconcerted by the insinuation, the subject of his "chaff" retorted: "What! been so many times to the Gaiety, and not know that you can't see the pit from the gallery?"

Fairly paid in her own coin was the Parisian dame who, answering a wet-footed visitor's request for the loan of a pair of slippers, by saying, "Certainly, my dear, if you think mine will fit you," received the clever rejoinder: "I dare say they will, dear, if you tell your maid to put a cork sole inside them."

"You have given me Scotch whiskey; I asked for Irish," complained a hurried imbiber.

"Never mind," said the publican; "fancy it's Irish."

The man drank up the liquor, and made for the door.

"Stop!" cried Boniface; "you haven't paid me."

"Never mind; fancy I have," said his customer, and away he went.

MRS. MALLANDAINE'S PEACH PARTY.

I.

CHRISTMAS had been kept at Bearcroft with all due solemnity, and with a mixture of old and new customs most bewildering to a new chum.

To get up and dress at six on a balmy summer's morning; to go down stairs to breakfast, and be wished a "Merry Christmas" by your two pretty cousins in white dresses; to drive to church, and find it a bower of roses, lilies, and geraniums, supported by whole bushes of flax or Pampas grass, startlingly relieved by wreaths of holly with sealing-wax berries, and ivy, and yew; to hear the service read with doors set open to admit the soft summer breeze, and, with it, the view of a sunny church-yard slope, and the scent of pinks and roses set to bloom on the scattered graves; to go home to a dinner where the seasonable dainties, cold lamb and strawberries and cream, face the legendary roast beef and plum-pudding; in the afternoon—a trifle too hot, perhaps, but still the perfection of lazy weather—to stroll out through the bush to the river, where the girls coax me to row them under the deeply hanging willows to the Ninety-mile Beach, where, when it's cool enough, we light a fire, and have a picnic tea party; to finish the night with Sir Roger de Coverley and snap-dragon, and an iced loving-cup: were not all these enough to make up a most bewildering Christmas to me, Hugh Campion, aged nineteen, who had never left England until six months before my story begins?

But while I was still trying to reconcile the due enjoyment of a most unfettered gypsy life with "doing as they do at home," Christmas had passed, and we were preparing to welcome the new year. "Hugh!" cried the elder of my girl cousins, as I met her one day in the garden, "come and see if the peaches are ready."

I obeyed, of course. In the first place, Molly Mallandaine is my cousin; then she is very pretty; and again, I love peaches; so I followed her very willingly.

"I think they'll do by this day week," says Molly, very seriously, after we had perambulated the orchard, and she had pinched some of the fruit with an air of anxious criticism.

"Ready for what?—jam?" I ask, picking up one or two velvet-skinned peaches from the long grass and rank clover at our feet, and beginning an attack on them.

"Jam! No, child. Ready for our peach party. Mother gives one every summer, and she sent me to see whether the peaches would be fit by this day week. I think they will, though they are not so forward as last year. Don't you have peach parties in England, Hugh?"

"Never heard of them," I rejoin, as soon as I have freedom of utterance again. "What are they like?"

"Well," says Molly, sitting down on a fallen tree, and also attacking a monster "Slipstone," while I look down on her and think how very pretty colonial girls are, "first of all we send out our invitations."

"So far, not unlike an English party," I put in.

"Of course, stupid. You mustn't interrupt. Then, when the day comes, our friends drive over about two o'clock with all the baskets and barrels they can bring; these they carry into the orchard and fill with peaches. When we have all done picking, we have supper, and wind up with a dance."

"Then do the guests carry away all they can pick?"

"Certainly; why else should they come? It's fun to see the buggies so crammed with fruit that there's hardly room for the driver to sit. We mark certain trees we don't wish touched, or we shouldn't have a peach left for ourselves. Altogether, I like peach parties."

"And do all the people about give them in tnrn?" I ask.

"Mrs. Medd gives cherry parties, because she has such fine cherry-trees; and Mrs. Talbot gave a gooseberry party last year; it was very nice, but rather stooping work."

There is a pause, during which I can admire anew Molly's grace of posture, and the effect of the sunlight shining through green leaves on her dark brown hair.

Very tall for a girl of nineteen is my cousin Molly, with a figure to which constant out-door exercise and hard in-door work have given a development unknown to her slim English sisters. When Molly's sleeves are tucked up in the morning she shows a pair of round strong arms—with just a dimple here and there to vindicate her youth—which a duchess might be proud of; and even as she leans now under the peach-trees, her Quaker-like cotton gown shows to perfection her graceful curves and length of limb. Then she has a face which agrees well with her shape. Her skin is clear and pale, with no tinge of red but when she is moved in any great way; her nose is straight and unremarked, except when, as now, she is looking up, and you catch her pure profile; her eyes are those of a child, liquid gray, wide-opened, heavily lashed, which meet yours with a frank question; a mouth which is no model, save for its dewy redness; a head which she carries a little proudly, as if its dark coils and twists were a crown: there is Molly!

"Well, Hugh," she says, presently, looking up at me with a merry laugh: "for the last ten minutes you have been staring me out of countenance: what do you think of me, after all?"

Molly is the same age as myself, and half an inch taller, and I am quite aware, in my dim boyish mind, that she has dormant powers and faculties which lie beyond my ken; so while I admire her fervently, I am always the least bit afraid of Molly. I tell her, therefore, not that I was admiring her—a confession she would receive with unmixed amusement—but that I was thinking of home. One little weakness I have discovered in my pretty cousin, who holds her own so well—she is very eager to be in all things as like an English girl as possible. I am an authority, as I have only just come out, and I love to call up that wistful look in her eyes, and to have her hang on my decision in all matters of importance.

"I suppose it is all very different out here," she is saying now. "I do wish father would take us home for a year or two, just to see what England is like. You know I was brought here as a baby, and the others were all born out here."

"You wouldn't like England a bit," I answer, with the air of a travelled man. "There you couldn't run out into the paddocks and catch your own horse, saddle, and groom him; no picnics for two or three days on the hills; no peach parties; no campings out. It would be thought dreadfully improper, too, if you were out—on the river, for instance—after sundown with a fellow, unless your mother went with you."

My words have succeeded in bringing a pink flush to Molly's cheeks, and she suddenly flashes an indignant and surprised glance at me. Last week Geoffrey Meredyth and Molly rowed up to the beach by moonlight, leaving Sibyl and me to walk the long way round. I feel I owe Molly a thrust for so quietly throwing me over. But the flush fades before we leave the orchard, and Molly recovers her usual serene bearing. "You know, Hugh, we have known Mr. Meredyth for a long time, and we look on him almost as one of our own boys, he living so close, and being father's tenant at Long Point Farm: all that makes a great difference, don't you see?"

She says this in a very stately voice, but there is a pleading look in her eyes, and I can not bear to distress her.

"Of course it makes a difference," I declare. "I was only in joke. Why, Geof Meredyth's a regular elder brother to you all; and such a favorite with your father, too!"

"I never could see why you might be out with a person all the morning—shelling beans, say—and yet be blamed if you went for a little row on the river when the moon was shining," went on Molly, in a lighter tone. "That is nonsense, isn't it, Hugh?"

"Of course it is. By-the-bye, is Meredyth to come to the peach party?"

"Oh yes," says Molly, stooping to gather a bunch of carnations, which she ties with a blade of grass and sticks in my coat. "Even if he doesn't want the peaches, he is sure to come and help the other people."

"How long have you known him?" I ask, more from a lazy pleasure in gratifying Molly than from any great interest in Meredyth himself.

"Let me see—it was the winter Jack had that bad fever—it must be five years ago now. Father had met him on board one of the coasting steamers, and liked him; so he invited him to come to the station whenever he liked. Mr. Meredyth did come, and staid some weeks. And, oh! Hugh, he was so kind when Jack was so ill! Then afterward he settled to take Long Point Farm, and he has lived there ever since. We must walk over some evening and have tea with him," went on Molly, brightly. "He has made the old homestead very comfortable, and he has a jewel of a housekeeper in old Mrs. Baynes. Sibyl and I used often to go over, but we haven't lately. Mr. Meredyth seems altered, I think; he never asks us there, and he only comes here when father happens to meet and bring him. Mother asked him once if he had had news about his friends at home, but he told her he had no friends except ourselves. That does seem so lonely!" added Molly, softly, speaking more to herself than to me. A few more paces brought us in front of the veranda.

Mrs. Mallandaine and her younger daughter Sibyl are sitting at one of the drawing-room windows, writing.

"Well, mother mine," says Molly, leaning her elbows on the sill and looking in, "we have inspected the peaches, and we think they will be quite fit for picking next Wednesday; so you can put the date in your notes at once. Hugh has eaten seven of those large Slipstones, so his opinion is worth having. Let us come in, dear, and take a turn at writing; you ought to rest your eyes, I'm sure. Are all these for the Burnside folks?"

"Molly," bursts in Sibyl, in the shrill treble of fourteen, "do come and do these last four notes for me; my fingers are getting quite stiff, and it's so stupid putting just the same thing over and over again. Besides, I want to go to the yard and see if the boys have come back yet. Come on, Hugh; I'll race you to the gate."

"Sibyl! Sibyl!" cries her mother; but Sibyl is out of ear-shot.

"We will ride round with all these Burnside notes, if Hugh likes, this afternoon," says Molly, scribbling. "If you are going to the yard, just tell one of the boys to catch up Ruby, and to put her in one of the stalls for me; and I advise you to do the same by Whitefoot—it's such hot work after dinner racing round and round the paddocks."

I assent, and go my ways after Sibyl.

II.

Bearcroft is a very unusual sample of a colonial house; in fact, looking at it from a short distance, and seeing it surrounded by well-cultured gardens, and embowered in luxuriant shrubs and trees, you might fancy yourself approaching a small squire's house in a flat part of Hampshire, for instance. But then you would, as you drew nearer, notice the spacious veranda, forming almost a summer parlor, where Sibyl kept her pets—a pair of tuis, in a wicker cage of Jack's own make, a little brown "morepork" owl, and a tank of curious creatures collected on the beach at different times. Then here and there, among veritable lilacs and laurels, your eye might light on the scarlet rata, and the star-like bush clematis, and the large-berried fuchsia, and all round and above the veranda pillars, and hanging in festoons about the windows, you could remark a most un-English luxuriance of passion-flowers, and myrtles, and jasmine, while monster scarlet geraniums are trained against every inch of stable wall, and are mercilessly pruned and clipped every year to keep them down. No; assuredly we are not in dear old England, you say, as you look more closely at Bearcroft and its lovely gardens. To-day the whole place looks brighter, if possible, than usual, for groups of merry folks are standing and walking about, and Mrs. Mallandaine stands in the veranda receiving her guests. She is a tall, grave-eyed woman, tempered but not soured by her twenty years of colonial life; self-possessed and ready-witted she is, but never sharp or quick in speech or judgment. She is supremely indifferent to all the luxuries she has learned to do without, although now she has them in plenty; with an ever-deepening sense of the insignificance of outward things, and the transitoriness of all merely earthly conditions, which makes her seem to be constantly looking above every question, and deciding it from a higher stand-point than others.

She is not a woman to indulge in caresses, or caressing words often, yet never did woman care for husband and children with a more rooted affection. The great griefs of her life, the death of three sons in quick succession, had scarcely abated her natural cheerfulness: "My sorrow will last as long as life does," she said to a friend who expressed admiration at her power of endurance; "it will be part of my daily bread: why should I give up an hour to dwelling on it?" Yet there were moments when a tone in Jack's voice, or the sight of something the lost boys had used or handled, would whiten her cheek, and send a pang of anguish through her heart, but to the outer world she gave no sign.

Standing to welcome her guests, she looks, this summer day, a very comely gentlewoman, in her soft pearly Cashmere shawl and lace cap; and Molly, looking as her mother must have looked in her girlhood, flashes hither and thither with cups of coffee and piles of dainty cakes, and a jest and a smile for all.

The rustle of freshly starched skirts, the waving of ribbons and feathers, the babble of voices, varied by an occasional roar from an aggrieved baby, become confusing; and I am glad when the word is given for the serious business of the day to commence, and the company move off in the direction of the orchard.

"Now, Mr. Campion, I expect you to look after my baby for me," said little Mrs. Aubrey, fastening on my arm, with a merry smile in her dark eyes which no poverty has been able to quench. Who, to look at her, slim, graceful, becomingly dressed, would guess at the drudgery of her daily life, or the shifts she has recourse to to find bread and butter for the six little ones at home? But Mrs. Mallandaine knows the secrets of that household, as of many others, and her eyes notice how thin the little woman has become, and how the lines are deepening round eye and mouth.

"I've got a snug corner for baby on the sofa," she says, taking the little bundle into her kind arms. "Hugh shall pick for you to-day, while you come and have a quiet chat with me in the cool drawing-room. I want to consult you about the girls' autumn dresses, and to show you some beautiful serge I have just had sent me from home. There is far more than we shall use, and I thought we might cut out some little frocks for your twins if you like the color. Come and look at it, my dear, while baby's quiet."

"Hugh," says Molly, coming up, "are you going to pick for Mrs. Aubrey? So will I; I like picking for her, for I know how the little ones enjoy the jam and jelly she makes so well. Jack, run and help Miss Crawley with that heavy tub, and mind you find her the finest peaches, that's a good boy!"

Molly and I pass through the gate with Mrs. Aubrey's great baskets swinging between us, and look round for a tree—where shall we begin?

"This will do, I think," says Molly, coming to a stand-still under a giant whose spreading branches are weighted with downy fruit; "but while you begin I must go round and see if every one is suited."

I begin as ordered, but soon leave off to look down on the scene.

The orchard at Bearcroft is a long narrow field, the trees are well grown, and the year is a good one for fruit of all kinds; the apples and plums are as plentiful as the peaches, and shine in the sunlight, purple or golden, among the thick green leaves. Up and down among the trees go groups of gayly dressed people, all bent on enjoying their holiday as well as gathering their harvest of fruit; the voices and laughter mingle with the fresh rustle of the leaves and the noisy ripple of the creek which forms a boundary on the north side.

At last Molly flits back to my tree. "Hugh! only three peaches! What have you been doing up there all this time?"

"Dreaming, Molly; you can't think what a quaint picture the orchard makes from this branch. But I'll pick in earnest, now you are here to wake me up. Hulloa! here's Meredyth!"

Molly will not look up, but I catch the sudden flush which tinges even her round white throat at his name. Meredyth looks out of spirits and care-worn, I fancy; he pauses at the gate to take a prolonged survey, hesitates, and has almost made up his mind to go over to old Miss Crawley, when Jack spies him, and shouts out: "Molly, here's Mr. Meredyth at last! Molly—"

So Molly is obliged to look up, and to greet the late comer. Ah, if she would only look at me with that shy gladness in her eyes, and that little quiver of the lip which tells so much! I look down from my perch among the leaves, and recognize, once more, how Molly has given her heart, without reserve, to this man. And Meredyth? He loves her too, unless I am much mistaken, and yet, to me, watching him with the jealous eyes of a young and very ardent rival, there is something strange in his bearing toward Molly. Sometimes, for weeks, he will not attempt to see her; then he will spend a whole day at her side, as if unable to tear himself away. I am certain he tried to avoid her just now, and yet now she has spoken to him, and given him one of her wistful looks, he stands looking down into her eyes, and talking in that low melancholy voice of his, as if he wanted to absorb her whole attention.

By-and-by they stroll off to another tree with one of Mrs. Aubrey's unfilled baskets, and I feel as if the beauty of the day had suddenly clouded over, and the pretty idyllic scene beneath me had turned into veriest prose. Grumbling and castle-building by turns, I fill the basket to the brim, and then betake myself to a rustic seat close by to have a smoke. To enjoy my well-earned pipe more thoroughly, I lie down full length, the over-hanging boughs of a fuchsia hide me from the public eye, and I drop off presently into a consolatory nap. When I wake again, all the gay company seem to have melted away, only Jack and little Daisy Harper are tugging at a kit which they have overfilled, and which will not go through the gate. Close by me I hear Molly speaking: "Hugh must have gone in, I suppose; I can't see him any where. Isn't he a dear good fellow, Mr. Meredyth?"

"Molly," says Meredyth, in a voice which he is evidently struggling to keep calm and unexcited, "I wonder if you would understand if I told you something—something which is a cruel weight on me day and night, and yet I never thought much about it until lately. Sometimes I think I must tell you, and then, at other times, I think I would die first. It is then I stay away from Bearcroft for so long, and yet I always come back with the same insane longing to speak."

"Molly," cries Jack, running back, "mother has sent me to look for you. It is time to see about supper, she says, and she can't find Sib any where."

"Coming, Jack," answers Molly, in a voice that will tremble a little; and Meredyth's chance is gone for the present.

"Clearly he was on the point of proposing," I say, crossly, to myself, as I yawn and stretch my arms, "and I'm very thankful Jack interrupted, for I've no wish to hear him go through his declaration. Rather an odd way of beginning, though," I decide; and then I jump the fence, and by a short-cut through the shrubbery arrive at the veranda five minutes before they appear in sight.

III.

"Where is Molly?" screams Sibyl, who is the first to catch sight of me as I mingle with the crowd of "pickers" grouped round the veranda and the open drawing-room windows.

"There she is," I answer, catching the wave of her white gown against the vivid scarlet blossoms of the rata which grows at the bend of the drive.

"Ah, yes; here she is," echoes Mrs. Aubrey, as Molly, Geof Meredyth, and Jack appear more fully in view. Now let us— Who on earth is that?"

The exclamation, and the altered tone of Mrs. Aubrey's voice, make all within ear-shot turn and look in the same direction, and there is a momentary lull in the Babel of talk. Jack is a little in advance of his sister, and is deeply interested, apparently, in cutting a whistle with his pocket-knife; but a few paces behind Meredyth is a woman whom none of us have observed before. Her appearance is so strikingly unlike that of any of Mrs. Mallandaine's guests, and her evident concentration of interest and intention on the pair before her is so strange, as to account for Mrs. Aubrey's exclamation of extreme surprise.

She is a tall, powerful woman of perhaps five-and-forty, stout and broad-shouldered; her face is coarsely handsome; black eyes, strongly marked eyebrows, a quantity of black hair untidily massed beneath her smart bonnet; her skin, originally, perhaps, a clear red and white, is now high-colored and coarse. Her walk is slightly unsteady, but she is sober enough to have a purpose and to stick to it; and that purpose evidently is to follow Meredyth, on whom her eyes are fixed with an expression of malicious hatred. Little Mrs. Aubrey looks, and then flashes a glance of intelligence at me.

"Some drunken tramp," she said, carelessly, "who has strayed off the road. She must not be allowed to startle Molly. Hugh, you and I will go and turn her out quietly."

Mrs. Aubrey deposits the baby on the veranda